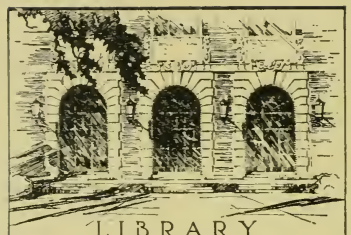

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TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL;

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

DIEGO.—Mungo, can you be honest?
MUNGO.—Vat you give me, Massa?

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

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TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL.

CHAPTER I.

The venal *will* be bought, the base have lords.
THOMSON.

THE shop of Francis Lathergills, hair-dresser and perfumer from London, was the general rendezvous of all the politicians and male gossips, in the genteel little town of Truckleborough. From seven in the morning, till ten at night, any one might pop in and ask what news from France? Nobody cares now about news from France, but it was quite another affair about thirty years ago, or more. One fine evening, about the latter end of September, as the said

F. Lathergills was standing at his shop door, and looking up and down the street, as if to catch some stray idler, for a half hour's discussion on the state of Europe, a carriage, drawn by four post horses, whirled rapidly round the corner, and instead of stopping at the King's head, made the best of its way through the town. Our politician followed the vehicle with his eyes, and with his conjectures; but the first reached to a very short extent, and the latter were exerted to no purpose.

It cannot be known how long the worthy citizen might have remained in suspense, had it not been for the apropos arrival of his friend and tutor, philosopher North. Here, perhaps, some explanation may be necessary. It may puzzle some heads to discover, how a hair-dresser and perfumer, in a country town, could be pupil to a philosopher. The fact was simply this. Stephen Bardolph North, Esq., as his tradesmen called him in their bills, or Citizen North, as he called himself, in his own talk, and

writing, was a gentleman, who had been indebted to Westminster School for a knowledge of the existence, and an acquaintance with some of the peculiarities of the Greek and Latin tongues, and who was also under obligations to his father for not wasting much more than half the wealth which his grandfather had amassed, as a money scrivener, in the city of London. This gentleman, or citizen, had even in his earliest youth, almost as soon as he could articulate, manifested a decided contempt for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He had no delight in gaudy apparel, and it is even reported of him that he once did actually burn a plume of ostrich feathers, which had adorned his mother's head, alleging, as an excuse or alleviation of the offence, that he could not see the use of that which was of no use. Some of his friends were apprehensive that he would become a quaker, but he always held that sect in abhorrence, for their ungrammatical substitution of "thee" for "thou;" and he has occasionally whispered other objections not worth

repeating. So far, however, did he love plainness and simplicity, that he most ardently longed to see society divested of what Mr. Burke calls its Corinthian capital; and his conduct as he grew towards man's estate, manifested rather a desire to effect political than religious reformations. He had uniformly adhered to the established church, so far as adherence consists in not frequenting conventicles. He married at an early age, and had been deprived, by death, of his partner, soon after the birth of a daughter, whose education formed his chief employment. For the purpose of retirement, he had chosen for his residence, a neat and compact little cottage, called the Ivy Cottage, just at the entrance of the town of Truckleborough. Here did he ive with his daughter and two domestics, and, till the breaking out of the French revolution, was only known as a singular and retired sort of man; but when that momentous event took place, a new impetus was given to Mr. North's feelings, and he was all philosophy, patriotism,

and perfectibility. At one period of his life he was seldom seen in the town, and his walks were mostly limited to his own garden; but when the mighty political movements commenced on the continent, he was visible every day, swallowing with eagerness all intelligence from France, and commenting on that intelligence in language not always most acceptable to his auditors. The town of Truckleborough was, in fact, the worst place in the world for Mr. North to display his patriotism, or his eloquence. One-half of the natives cared nothing about the matter, and the other half thought philosophy was magic, patriotism treason, and eloquence sedition. In the person of Francis Lathergills, however, Mr. North had one attentive hearer, and almost a convert; yet the said perfumer, with all his disposition to adopt Mr. North's political creed, did not find his comprehension keep pace with his inclination, and was frequently surprised at meeting with difficulties

which he could not unravel, and inferences which he had not anticipated: but to do Mr. Lathergills justice, it must be acknowledged that Mr. North himself was occasionally in the same predicament. So much for the philosopher's mind. As to his person, he was tall, rather round shouldered, with an aquiline nose, dark full eyes, remarkably fine set of teeth, deep toned, almost sepulchral, voice; not much given to smiling, but able to express contempt with a most exquisite sneer. His gait was something like that which Sallust attributes to Catiline, sometimes quick and sometimes slow; but he was a far better man than Catiline—he was no conspirator; he had neither taste nor talent for plots: he had more the spirit of a martyr or confessor, than that of a deep designer. Such was the person that greeted the hair-dresser at the moment above named.

"Whose carriage is that?" cried the professor of perfumery, after the first salutation.

"That carriage!" replied the philosopher; "contains no less a personage than Lord Slender, the new proprietor of this borough."

There was after this reply a dead pause, as if tutor and pupil had mutually complimented each other with an opportunity of launching into a satirical discussion concerning rotten boroughs and undue influence. But the subject had been perhaps exhausted, or they were seeking for some new mode of illustration, or fresh flowers of rhetoric; so it was, that they stood silent for a few minutes, gazing up the street through which the carriage had passed. The philosopher at last broke silence.

"This system cannot last; the people's eyes will soon be opened. Now, there goes a man whom we have never seen, of whom we know nothing that is good; and he, by the means of paltry pelf, commands the suffrages of every individual in this borough. In the course of a few weeks a new parliament will be called

together. The two men who have hitherto represented this borough will cease to occupy their seats, and the very people who did choose them with such apparent cordiality a few years ago, will now displace them for two strangers, of whose principles they have not the slightest knowledge. All this is called influence; it is more than influence; it is tyranny of the basest kind, and the slaves who stoop to be thus made merchandize of, are the most abject grovellers that ever lived."

"That is exactly my way of thinking," replied the perfumer. "I never shave the town-clerk without giving him a bit of my mind, and he seems sometimes quite puzzled by my arguments. I once asked him plainly, how he could prove that the million was made to be slaves to one man, and he could not answer me. He knows well enough, that the wisest plan is to make the best for himself, and let discussion alone. Lord, Sir, I have been thinking what a

fine thing it would be, if you, now, or some gentleman of your way of thinking, should just give a few lectures on the principles of true and proper government. You know what I mean?

"Do you think, friend Lathergills, that I should have any thing of an audience?—I rather fear that I should have to address empty benches, or, perhaps, be favoured only with your company—and, perhaps, before I had well finished, I might be saluted by the entrance of a constable or two to lead me to the town gaol. The magistrates, in this place, are most violent tories and alarmists. But, to be sure, there might be some good done; and should I be even a martyr to my principles, I might thus kindle a flame which should not easily be extinguished. To tell you the truth, I have been thinking over the subject, and as I expect a friend soon from London, a man of sound and steady principles, we may talk the matter over. I have received, lately, some very important communications from the Corresponding Society,

and there are many things, which I flatter myself might be made useful to the world."

Mr. Lathergills was about to reply, or more properly speaking, had begun to reply, by saying, " Mr. North, I tell you what; my notion of liberty is that——"

Here he was most unfortunately and rudely interrupted by a shrill female voice, in the little parlour, at the back of the shop, calling out, " Lathergills, why don't you come in and mind your business? here's the man waiting for Dr. Mufflechops' wig, and you know it isn't half done."

Mr. North did not wait to hear what was Mr. Lathergills's notion of liberty. Mrs. Lathergills had also *her* peculiar notions on the subject of liberty. The philosopher left the loving couple to their own speculations, and sauntered up the street, to have a few words with the landlord of the King's Head. Mr. Flatman, the landlord, received him with a polite bow, which the philosopher did not think fit to return; for

it was his opinion, that bowing was not fit for free and enlightened men, inasmuch as it bore the aspect of servility and degradation.

" Have you seen a paper to-day, Mr. North?" said the man of hospitality. " Sad goings on in France, Sir! very sad—more murders, more massacres; why, those people think no more of kings than of constables; nor half so much, I believe, for I don't suppose that the corporation here would behead our constables without judge or jury like, just for nothing, as a body may say. What harm did the poor King of France ever do—I should like to know?"

" And what good did he ever do?" said Mr. North, with all the gravity of an oracle.

" Good?—why I don't know, but I dare say he was as good as our own king, God bless him!"

" Very likely," said Mr. North.

" Then what did they cut off his head for? Why could not they let him alone? I dare say they won't get a better."

"The people of France, Mr. Flatman, are an enlightened people. They have seen the absurdity of surrendering themselves to be trampled on by a man, or by any set of men; they have resolved to be free, and they are free; they heard of liberty, and were resolved to partake of it. Their king deceived and betrayed them; they were compelled, in their own defence, to the extremity of which you speak. I am sorry for the king, as a man; but I consider him only as a man, and his death, in the eye of reason and philosophy, is no more than the death of any other man."

"Well, Sir," replied the host, with a tone of humility, "I don't understand any thing about reason and philosophy, but it does seem to me, that there is a mighty difference between cutting off a king's head, and cutting off the head of a common man. Why, now, the other day, you know, there was poor Dick Sharp hung for sheep-stealing, and nobody thought any thing about it; but if the mayor, or my Lord Slender

should be hung, I think there would be a little more fuss made about it. But, perhaps, Sir, you will walk in, and look at the papers."

Mr. North walked into the little back room, where he found his daily oracle, and was soon deeply engaged in perusing the proceedings of the revolutionists. Glad was he to find that the affairs of the republicans were so flourishing; delighted at their victories, which he believed in all their full extent, but of their reverses he had his doubts. Some of their severities he was inclined to blame, lest they might throw discredit on the cause of liberty. While he was thus delightfully engaged, his host entered, and brought, together with a tankard of ale, a small parcel, which had been sent down from the hall, directed to S. B. North, Esq., Truckleborough.

"One of my Lord Slender's servants, Sir, brought this parcel just now to me, asking where you resided; and so, as you were in the house, I thought I might as well bring it to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Flatman, thank you; I don't wish lords' lacquies to find their way to my house—the very sight of a livery is odious to me; it is a badge of slavery."

"Why no, Sir, surely not; I can assure you that these livery fellows don't have much slavery in their places. I remember that when I was butler to old Sir Thomas Evergreen up at the hall, there were four fellows in livery there, who didn't do work enough to pay for the lace that was round their hats."

The philosopher smiled, but replied not; for he knew that his host would have the last word, inasmuch as he considered the last word in an argument the best. As soon as the landlord retired, and our politician was left once more to himself, he began, with a host of conjectures, to open his parcel.—What could it be? Surely Lord Slender had not been made use of to convey any communications from the Constitutional Society; though it had been whispered that his lordship's whiggism had been the means of

bringing him into acquaintance with some of that society. Doubts were soon at an end, the parcel was opened, and there appeared a book and a letter. The superscription of the letter was legible enough, it was in the well-known hand writing of Geoffry Turnstile, who had been for many years the intimate friend and companion of Mr. North—but the address of the letter was not as it had been in former communications—"Citizen North," but "S. B. North, Esq." This was rather perplexing; and much more perplexing was the title of the book: viz. "Reflections on the Revolution in France &c., by Edmund Burke." That such a book as this should be sent by such a man as Geoffry Turnstile, was, of all astonishing events, the most astonishing. But the letter, when opened, explained the whole mystery. It was as follows:

"My dear North,

"You will, perhaps, be a little surprised at the appearance of the enclosed volume from me.

You may recollect how merry we made ourselves on the subject of it the last time we met, though neither of us had read it. Soon after you left me, and I was meditating on the proposal which you had made of giving a few lectures on constitutional subjects, I thought that if we should read over attentively this vaunted treatise, we might be better able to explode its fallacies. With this view, I went immediately to Dodsley's to buy a copy, and whom should I see in the shop but our old school-fellow, Slender? I was ashamed to ask for the book in his hearing; for, though he pretends to whig politics, he has very different notions of the French revolution and parliamentary reform, from those that we have always professed; and he has been all along a complete disciple of Burke. I pretended, therefore, not to observe him, and amused myself with some pamphlets which were lying on the counter. He soon recognised me, however, and addressed himself to me very familiarly, and in the course of con-

versation brought up the subject of Burke's reflections, and concluded by asking me, as a personal favour, to read the book. I took a copy home with me, and soon after received an invitation to dine at Slender's house in town, where I met Burke. I was, of course, in expectation of some splendid table-talk after dinner, but was sadly disappointed, for the conversation was most languidly dragged on by common-place assertions, which no mortal could answer by any other than monosyllables of assent and dissent. At length, by way of exciting this genius, I ventured to mention Paine's Rights of Man. Mr. Burke very coolly said, 'that he had read it, and that he thought it a very weak and trashy production.' I added, 'that it appeared somewhat plausible in its arguments, and calculated to make on some minds a very powerful impression.' 'No, Sir,' said Burke; 'it may make an impression on some persons, but not any that have minds; it is plausible only to

those who cannot feel, and will not think—it pretends to be founded on general principles, but only appeals to partial and temporary prejudices—its title may be remembered, but its arguments will be forgotten.' Of course, I did not affect to lead such a man into a controversy; and if I had designed it, I should have been disappointed, for the honourable gentleman soon left us to wait upon his grace of Portland. Soon after his departure, I ventured to hint to my noble host that I was rather disappointed in the great man's table-talk. 'Yes,' said Slender, 'just at this crisis he is not much at private tables, for his thoughts are all for the public. You never heard him in the house; there it is that he shines, though he is now and then rather incomprehensible, and a little above the country gentlemen in his metaphysics. By the way, Turnstile, I know you are fond of metaphysics and politics; now, if your politics were not quite so Frenchified and republican, I think

you might make a very tolerable figure in the house; what say you to the attempt? I don't imagine you will find much difficulty in coming in for Truckleborough. I know,' continued he, 'that it may not quite comport with your notions of parliamentary reform, but you must give up that crotchet.' In short, my dear fellow, this Lord Slender has absolutely offered, out of pure regard to an old acquaintance, with a little compliment to a certain person's talents and integrity, to help me to a seat in a certain house, as representative of a certain borough, where my good friend, Citizen North, condescends to take up his residence; and, in due time, the returning officer of the said borough will declare the Honourable Mr. Slender and Geoffry Turnstile, Esq. as being duly elected, &c. Seriously —I have read this vaunted book, and there certainly is something in it. It is clearly a book fit for gentlemen—for men of elevated feeling; it does not stoop to attract the rabble by flatter-

ing their passions, or encouraging that spirit which would destroy every thing venerable in the constitution; nor is it altogether so complete an abandonment of the principles of liberty as some persons have represented. I am free to acknowledge it has shaken some of my notions; or, more properly speaking, rectified and sobered them: for you know I never went to those excesses in my notions of liberty, which you have done. I have some hopes the perusal of the volume may have some good effect on you; for if you will but think a little calmly, rather of what man really is, than what you, in your feverish imagination, think he ought to be, you will then be able to serve your country more effectually. But, enough for the present. I hope soon to see you at Truckleborough, for I shall pay a visit to the worthy and independent electors in a very few days. In the meanwhile, read the inclosed, and follow my example in cutting all connection with the Constitutional Society—you

will save your credit, and, perhaps, your neck, and will be more useful to the world. Farewell for the present.

"Yours, most faithfully,

"GEOFFRY TURNSTILE."

This said Geoffry Turnstile was the very man to whom Citizen North was looking up, as his steady and sure-principled friend: he had been the means of introducing the philosopher to an acquaintance with some of the choicest spirits of the day, and had absolutely effected an intimacy, for a time, between Stephen Bardolph North and Thomas Paine. This Turnstile had been, as it were, Mr. North's London agent for sedition and jacobinism, the prompter of his wildest thoughts, and the abettor of his maddest schemes. Miserable was the disappointment, therefore, with which he perused this letter, and dark was the scowl of contempt, which he threw on the book, by which his best friend's best principles had become perverted. Twice, yea thrice,

did he read the letter over, to be sure that his senses had not deceived him. Again and again did he look at that most hated volume, till the book seemed, to his heated imagination, almost instinct with life, and till he could fancy the author's spirit sensibly present to hear his contemptuous reproaches. Mr. North was too much of a philosopher to be in a very great passion: but he was at the same time, too much of a man, not to feel most keenly disappointed at the defection of one of his surest allies. Thus situated, his first impulse was to throw the odious book into the fire, and he obeyed the impulse: and his next was to put his friend's letter into the same road to oblivion; but the flames which ascended from Burke's reflections, consumed the anger of the philosopher, and he put the letter in his pocket, and walked home; wondering all the way at the baseness, and meanness, and littleness, and blindness, and infatuation of all men who could, either directly or indirectly, flatter or countenance nobles; and astonished that Geoffry Turnstile, of all men in

the world, after what he had thought, said, and written on the subject of rotten boroughs, and parliamentary reform—that he should, at this crisis, when every spark of patriotism was so important to keep alive the flame of liberty—that he should stoop to creep into parliament through the dirty postern of a rotten borough! What a fever of inward eloquence was burning in the bosom of Stephen Bardolph North, as he moved slowly towards his own dwelling! But the fever a little abated at the sight of home. He saw his affectionate and guileless daughter waiting at the door to receive him, for he had exceeded his usual time of absence; it was a cool evening, and he was not of a very robust constitution, and his only child was anxious for an only parent; and she looked very glad to see him return, and he was delighted that she had been impatient for his coming home.

It is hardly worth while to describe a cottage, especially an ivy cottage: such objects may be seen every day. It is enough that this was like

many others, but it had no fanciful decorations, no sentimentalities either within or without. There was no grotto in the garden; it had not a gothic door, or a Chinese roof; the windows were not of painted or stained glass. It was merely a neat, clean, small, commodious habitation, well furnished with all that usually belongs to such abodes, with the addition of a somewhat larger library than is often seen in such retreats. The library was the room that was most usually occupied, and to that did the citizen betake himself, leaning on his daughter's arm, and sweetly rebuking her for standing at the open door so late in the evening, when the wind was so cold and chill.

CHAPTER II.

Your courtesies overwhelm me.
New Way to pay Old Debts.

About three days after this fatal and mournful discovery of the apostacy of Geoffry Turnstile, our hero, the philosopher, was sitting in his library, and amusing himself with arranging a syllabus of lectures on political philosophy, when his daughter hastily entering the apartment, told him that visitors were approaching. The interruption was bad enough of itself, but its bitterness was increased tenfold, when, on looking out at the garden door, he perceived that these visitors were no other than Lord Slender, his son, the Honorable Charles Slen-

der, and Mr. Geoffry Turnstile: the two last named gentlemen, being candidates for the honor of representing in parliament the ancient and venerable town of Truckleborough. As the party approached nearer to the cottage, the irritated citizen could discern that they all seemed to wear election faces, smoothed over with a most graceful and courteous smile of affability. Now, herein Mr. North did not sympathize with them. He made up his mind to receive them with all the sternness of a citizen, who scorns to barter liberty for noble smiles; but, on second thoughts, he resolved, just as they approached the door, to receive them with common-place politeness. He bowed, they bowed, he was glad to see them, and they were glad to see him, and they did themselves the honor, as they said, to call, and he was proud of the honor, and so they bowed and smiled, and bowed and smiled again.

Lord Slender began a kind of apology for intruding on Mr. North's solitude, which he

seemed so unwilling to quit, and said something about violating the rules of etiquette in making the first call. Mr. North made a very courteous reply, and expressed a sense of the honor which his lordship had conferred upon his humble abode; but while he was thus speaking, he could not help thinking that he was rather betraying his principles, and sacrificing honesty on the shrine of politeness. Mr. Turnstile had, comparatively, but little of his friend's attention, for in the presence of a third person, such a person too as his lordship, it would have been too bad to have commenced an expostulation or reproof for tergiversation; and any other kind of converse did not now exactly suit the philosopher's feelings.

It was very fortunate for the party that the room into which they had been introduced happened to be the library, for thus a topic of discourse was easily started by the means of books; but for their aid, the interview would have resembled a silent meeting of quakers.

"You have an extensive library, Mr. North," said his lordship. "Books are very good companions, very good resources in bad weather; for my part, I can't say I am very partial to reading, when out of door amusements are to be had—You shoot I suppose—shall be very happy to give you a day's sport during the season."

Now it came to pass, that Mr. North had never pulled the trigger of a loaded gun in all his life, and he was also of opinion, that it was rather an act of cruelty to shed blood in sport; above all, he abhorred the game laws; and then to hear an offer made him from a borough-monger of a day's sport—one day's sport during the season, such niggard liberality, such aristocratic condescension; he, therefore, did not make the most courteous, or the most ready reply to this proffered kindness, but very deliberately said—

"I thank you, my lord, for your offer, but I prefer the bloodless sports of my library."

"Very good, very good," said his lordship; "but you may have a day's shooting without

shedding much blood. Here's your friend, Mr Turnstile, has been amusing himself this morning with wasting my powder, and frightening my birds, and he thinks that one brace of birds might yield sport a dozen times over, as the stag that's turned out for the cockneys on Easter Monday."

Of all things in the world, Citizen North did not like banter: he was himself a pattern and very paragon of gravity. He could not see the use of a joke, and was grievously nettled if he had any suspicion that he was made an object of ridicule. He set down Lord Slender as a very weak and foolish man, and he was determined that he would have no friendly intercourse with him.

"By the way, Mr. North," continued his lordship, "what think you of the design of your friend offering himself as a candidate for this borough? He has good whig principles, though he does not carry them quite so far as he formerly did."

"Mr. Turnstile certainly has a right to propose himself to the electors of Truckleborough, and if he gains their unbiassed suffrages he will be fairly entitled to a seat in the house."

"Well, well, Mr. North, I understand what you allude to by unbiassed suffrages. I know your opinions on the subject of parliamentary reform—but depend upon it you can never hope to see such a change in the representation as some of you gentlemen talk about; those who are deeper in the secrets of state than the politicians out of doors, know it all to be a complete farce. One of the most violent and eloquent advocates for the measure, I need not mention names, said to me, after he had been speaking two hours in the house in favour of a speedy and thorough reform, 'I wonder that the people don't see through the hollowness of such a speech as I have just delivered; but we shall have all the papers to-morrow full of the subject, and some fools will be ready to lay bets

on the success of the measure.' These were his very words."

"I am sorry, my lord, to hear you express such an opinion: I do hope that there is not quite so much insincerity in all the advocates for popular measures, as in the gentleman to whom you have just alluded. I am ready to acknowledge that there does not seem any great disposition on the part of parliament itself to reform and purify the mode of election; but when the necessity of the measure is felt, and when the voice of an unanimous and enlightened people shall demand reform, it must be granted."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. North; but, in the mean time, we must make the best of things as they are."

Philosopher North did not like time-serving principles and conduct; and had he not been fearful of expressing that dislike too strongly for courtiers, he might have replied to the last observation: but he was wisely silent. Then

turning to Mr. Turnstile, who was occupied in reading the backs of the books, he said,

"You see, Mr. Turnstile, I have not made any addition to my library since your last visit."

"I see," replied the candidate, "none but the old stock; but there have been several popular, and some valuable works published since your library was formed. I almost wonder that a man of your taste should have neglected them."

"As to works of taste," said the philosopher, "I have as many as I can read; and as to politics —my mind is so made up, that I am not desirous of confusing the distinctness or endangering the vividness of my ideas on that subject. I do not need books to convince me that tyranny is unjust; and I will not read books that attempt to palliate oppression."

There was a degree of asperity in the tone with which this last speech was uttered. It was not pleasant to the hearer, nor altogether satisfactory

to the speaker—for the zealous citizen had the feelings of human nature about him, and he did not feel quite at ease in any thing like cool behaviour to an old friend and intimate. Some degree of embarrassment and awkwardness would have invaded the little group in the cottage library, had it not been for the timely interruption given by the Hon. Mr. Slender, who ventured to express a wish that Mr. North's political opinions might not deprive the party of the pleasure of his company to dinner next day at the Hall.

There was something in the tone of the young man's voice that mightily pleased the citizen: there was an indication of a free and noble spirit; there was a kind of courtesy that did not bear the character of artifice and form. For, notwithstanding Mr. North's own hardness of manner, and stern republicanism of expression, there were movements and feelings in his mind which could meet and sympathize with natural courtesy of manner. By the influence of this

interruption, his reserve was in some measure banished; his countenance assumed a brighter aspect, and he absolutely forgot, for a moment, that Turnstile was a renegade, that Lord Slender was a borough-monger, and that the young gentleman was a scion of nobility, and heir to a title. After a little more common-place talk, the visitors retired, and when they were gone, Mr. North found himself engaged to dine next day at Truckleborough Hall.

CHAPTER III.

He never thought an action done
Because a peer was proud to own him.
Swift.

Critics may say what they please against an author's narrating soliloquies, which, of course, could never have been heard, or describing the emotions of mind which have passed in solitude and silence; but, surely it is very hard if an author is not permitted to do as he will with beings of his own creation; and it is very strange if the inventor of the whole being be not acquainted with all its component parts. Therefore, we will, without any fear of criticism before our eyes, take the liberty of laying before our readers, the thoughts that passed in the mind of

Philosopher North after his visitors had left him.

His feelings on their departure were not more agreeable than they had been at their meeting. He found himself now pledged to a social and festive interview with men whose principles he abhorred, and upon an occasion most of all repugnant to his ideas of political propriety. He expected also to meet some of the heads of the corporation of Truckleborough, most probably the mayor and aldermen, and the town-clerk ; not that the last-named was a voter, but he was usually a partaker in all the entertainments of the former, and they were, in fact, nothing without him ; and then there was the rector of the parish, Dr. Mufflechops—and, perhaps, his curate, Mr. Slapp; and then there was to be expected a toast or two after dinner, which would be too much for the philosopher to swallow ; and he did not much approve of drinking toasts—and he thought that Englishmen ought not to be too free in the consumption

of an article so highly taxed as foreign wine. Then, again, there would be such conversation as he could not join in or even tolerate: and his own sentiments must not be uttered or even breathed. It was wearying to his spirit to dwell on these thoughts, and he began to feel a kind of conscientious repugnance to the engagement he had made. His old friend and acquaintance Turnstile also came into his thoughts; and though he had, during similarity in their sentiments, tolerated the apparent levity of his manners, and his tendency to that species of wit, called quizzing, yet now he felt assured that such levity would be most offensive and disgusting. In such thoughts he had passed an hour or two when he was again interrupted by the arrival of visitors, or more properly speaking, by the return of one of his late visitors, and the arrival of another—Louisa Slender accompanied by her brother the Honorable Charles Slender.

With all the frankness of long acquaintance,

Charles Slender addressed himself to the almost frowning philosopher—

"Mr. North, you must give me leave to introduce my sister Louisa to your daughter."

"The lady does my daughter an honour," replied Mr. North; but the poor man did not say what he thought, nor think what he said.

Miss North soon made her appearance; and that the reader may know what that appearance was, we will endeavour to describe it. In stature, the fair maid did not surpass above one-third of the sex, that is to say, she was not tall. In form, not one-thirtieth of her sex could equal her, that is to say, she was very well formed. Her countenance was expressive of thoughtfulness, cheerfulness, and content; it had that expression which looks like active resignation, and it seemed as if the cares of womanhood had encroached on the lightness of girlish vivacity. She had been much alone; her employment was reading; and her books had been selected from a library, in the formation of which there

was more trace of the philosopher than the man of taste; light reading she had never known. Of the world she knew comparatively little. She could not believe all that she had read, and yet she scarcely knew why she disbelieved it. She had been accustomed to pity the oppressed, but she almost doubted that man could possibly be so cruel to his fellows. She had been habituated to her father's wayward humours, and had caught some tinge of his melancholy, whereby her native vivacity was abated, not destroyed: and by this state of mind there was an interesting expression given to a rather beautiful set of features. Such was the general cast of her manner and expression, that she seemed to demand respect, without any assumption of dignity to excite interest, and without any obvious expression of deep feeling. Levity was repelled by her without haughtiness, harshness or coldness of manner.

Louisa Slender was a personage altogether

different. Her education had been in the world, and her manners had been moulded by and to its fashions. She did not understand the world by books, but she interpreted books by the world. Her countenance was beautiful, and its expression commanding; she had an air of stately affability and graceful condescension. Her stature was tall and her carriage majestic; but she was not vain, or proud, or conceited. In town, her society was agreeable to the opulent and the cultivated; in the country the poor blessed the name and loved the sight of Louisa.

When these two ladies met they were well pleased with each other, and though their manners were so obviously different they were mutually agreeable. Miss North was astonished that fashionable manners could look so interesting, and Louisa was equally surprised that nature and solitude should have furnished a recluse with such exquisite grace and true politeness of manner. Each labouring under a very

common error, which supposes that fashion makes nothing but monkies, and nature makes nothing but brutes.

After the first salutations were passed, and the succeeding silence broken, the conversation between the ladies grew animated and lively, and the philosopher himself was provoked to a slight relaxation of his usual solemn look, and a little softening of the usual harshness of his cynical snarl. Louisa no longer appeared to him as the frivolous daughter of a borough-monger, but as a young lady of cultivated understanding, and what was to him much dearer still, of liberal principles. In answer to some observations, which savoured more of the opinions of a republican than of a daughter of aristocracy, Mr. North replied,

"You astonish me, madam, by the expression of such sentiments. Surely they cannot be derived from the society in which you have recently moved. Mr. Burke has not made so complete

a convert of you as of Lord Slender, and my friend Mr. Turnstile?"

"Indeed, Mr. North, I scarcely know what are the political opinions of Mr. Burke, and I am sure I don't know what are my own, except that I am no friend to passive obedience and non-resistance. But what signifies the opinion which we ladies entertain of public affairs? We are not capable of forming a sound judgment. *Our* province is imagination, *your's* is judgment."

"Excuse me, madam, but I must beg leave to differ from you. I do not see the conclusiveness of your reasoning. The female mind has power and steadiness, and the opinions of women do rule and influence oftentimes the opinions of men. We have read and heard of women who have wielded sceptres, chosen ministers, directed public measures, and have influenced the fate of empires; and our own law of royal succession recognises the power and aptitude of the female mind to form opinions, and to ex-

ercise commanding judgment on political matters."

"Really, Mr. North, if my reasoning is not convincing to you, your's ought to be so to me, for mere politeness must compel me to assent to such a flattering reasoner."

"No flattery, madam, but fact is the ground of my argument."

"Well, be it so; but do you gentlemen, I mean you who are so zealous for parliamentary reform, do you carry this principle to its full extent?—Do you make it a part of your plan to admit women to vote for members of parliament, or do you, as in good truth you ought—do you think that women should be candidates and eligible as representatives? If women have wisdom enough to rule states and govern empires; if women can be heads of the church, and direct the principles and rites of worship; if they can be defenders of the faith, then surely they are capable of knowing how to choose a representative for parliament,

and as capable of entering into the deliberations of the national senate."

"You are now," replied Mr. North, "carrying the doctrine of universal suffrage rather beyond what has hitherto been considered its greatest extreme: your sex has an influence already, silent indeed but powerful, and I question whether you would gain an accession to your real power by an acquisition of greater nominal power."

"Very polite again, Mr. North; but you evade the question, which is, do you, or do you not think that women have a natural right to a voice in the legislature as well as men?"

"They have a virtual power in the state, inasmuch as it is not to be supposed that a husband should legislate to the injury of his wife, that a father should make laws to oppress a daughter, a brother to tyrannize over a sister, or a lover to vote contrary to the interests of his mistress."

"Indeed, Sir, you seem to imagine, contrary

to your usual habits, that a voice in the legislature increases the purity and disinterestedness of those who enjoy it. For in ordinary life we do sometimes see a little leaning to tyranny in men over their fair companions or dependents: and is it not reasonable to suppose, that when the disposition exists, it is quite as likely to be indulged in legislation as in domestic intercourse? Besides, only look at the laws which relate to women, and are not they most manifestly the work of men?"

"Certainly, madam, I am not prepared to deny that many arbitrary and tyrannical enactments have been made; and, perhaps, in strict truth, women may have an abstract right to a voice in the legislature, but the exercise of that right may not be altogether practicable or convenient."

"Oh, if you reason about what is practicable or convenient, you relinquish your proper field, and give up the strength of the principle of re-

form, which is its abstract and indefeasible right."

Mr. North did not seem disposed to extend the discussion, he felt that Louisa was inclined rather to banter than to reason, and he took it for granted that her prejudices must be essentially aristocratical.

"At all events, however," continued the young lady, "I hope I may have the pleasure of Miss North's company to-morrow—and I do most faithfully promise you, that I will not teach her any principles at all hostile to filial obedience."

"My daughter," said the philosopher, "has been so much accustomed to home, that a day's absence will be almost too much for her."

"Nay, nay," replied Louisa; "Miss North need not imagine herself away from home, but only in an unusual apartment with me for a companion; for I shall be in absolute solitude without her, as my father will be taken up with

his gentlemen visitors:—and as I do not intend to carry into practice my doctrine of ladies interfering with politics, I shall keep myself aloof from the company, and I do hope that I may be favoured with Miss North's society for the day."

There could be no great objection to this arrangement, only it seemed rather forming too great an intimacy with aristocratical people; but there was an agreeableness of manner about Louisa Slender that rendered her somewhat a desirable companion for the daughter of a gentleman of education; and it was a pity that there were scarcely any persons in that neighbourhood of the middle rank who were not of very uncultivated and frivolous minds. Under these circumstances, Mr. North tolerated an acquaintance, to which he would otherwise have most strongly objected. But so it was, that his friend Turnstile, having made a kind of forced introduction to Lord Slender, and his lordship being apparently not a very haughty man, it

would have appeared a great want of common courtesy to repel his civilities; and with all these circumstances it was still in his power to uphold and contend for the pure principles of political liberty. Miss North was therefore most graciously permitted to spend the following day with the peer's daughter; and Mr. North made up his mind to partake of the peer's hospitality, and to encounter, with as good a grace as possible, the mayor and aldermen of the venerable town of Truckleborough.

The visit of Louisa and her brother was concluded amidst these meditations in the mind of the philosopher; and, thereupon, his countenance brightened up; and there seemed to be a weight removed from his mind, for in the course of the two interviews, and especially the last, he had contrived to reconcile his principles with his courtesy.

CHAPTER IV.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare.

GRAY.

OUR readers have not yet been introduced to Truckleborough Hall, and it is now high time that they should be made acquainted with a mansion, to which all the upright, independent and venerable electors of Truckleborough, were in the habit of looking up with profound respect and pleasing hope. The good men were not adepts in the science of abstraction; they could not imagine what meaning there could be in any words which did not present to their thoughts something tangible and solid; and, to their apprehension, the elective franchise meant

the run of the pantry and cellar at the hall, or a post under government, or a contract, or a living for a son, or brother, or constant employment, and liberal payment in the way of business; and all these ideas were connected with the hall, whoever might be its inhabitant; for it had changed owners, more than once, during the memory of the then living burgesses. The late possessor had spent but little of his time there, for he found himself so continually annoyed, by the invasions of the worthy and independent electors, that he could scarcely call his time, or his house his own; but he could not remove himself out of the reach of the post-office, and so, having no very particular interest to serve by borough patronage, he was not sorry to sell the concern to Lord Slender, who had two sons, whom he wished to place in parliament. The youngest of them not being quite of age at the time of which we are writing, his lordship took the opportunity of filling the

vacant seat, with the person of the conformable and elastic-minded Mr. Geoffry Turnstile.

Truckleborough Hall, now become the seat of Lord Slender, was a large, plain-looking, four-fronted building, that had been erected on the scite of the old mansion, in the reign of George II. We know nothing about the history of the old mansion, and we take it for granted, that our readers care as little as we know. The modern building was of mere brick and mortar, having long narrow windows, a straight ascent of steps to the principal entrance, and was altogether a most decidedly unpicturesque object, flat, square, high and dingy. Lord Slender had some idea of covering the whole with stucco, in imitation of stone, and making a few additions of an ornamental nature, to render the mansion, as to its outward aspect, a more suitable residence for a nobleman. Within was the usual allowance of accommodations; and whatever the amateurs of the fine

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arts, at Truckleborough, might think of the external aspect of the mansion, the worthy and independent electors found that within it was elegant and commodious enough.

To this mansion, the mayor, and aldermen, and town-clerk of Truckleborough were invited, to honour his lordship with their company at dinner. But long before the hour appointed for the entertainment of the worthy and independent (we need not say electors, for every body knows that in a borough town, the words, worthy and independent, can only apply to electors) long before dinner time, did Miss North hasten to fulfil her engagement with her new friend, Louisa Slender.

When Miss North arrived at the hall, she was immediately conducted to Louisa's apartment. Her friend received her with the utmost cordiality, and thanked her most heartily for the punctuality with which she had kept her engagement.

"Now, my dear Miss North," exclaimed Louisa, "this is very good of you to come to my relief this unfortunate day."

"Unfortunate day!" replied Miss North, "why unfortunate?"

"Oh—merely from the annoyance of a large noisy party of these stupid electors. You have not the slightest idea of the wearisomeness of elections, to those persons who are most interested, and who, in spite of their feelings, must be all civility, and courtesy, and affability. My poor father will be sadly distressed today; he must talk to all these people, and what is worse, must hear them talk too, and that most patiently and perseveringly, and he must appear to be interested in what he only half hears, and does not half understand."

"Really, my friend, I think you make too much of these petty troubles. I cannot see any great annoyance in a party of such respectable men, as I suppose the corporation to be; and then, even if they should be in one or two in-

stances vulgar or noisy men, they will be on their best behaviour to-day."

"Are you acquainted with them at all yourself, or were you ever in any election party, my dear friend?"

"Oh, dear no—I never was in company with any of the corporation; and as for elections, I only hear of them."

"Then you have a pleasure yet to come.—But does not your father visit with any of the corporation? Is not he intimate with the clergymen, too?"

"No—he has not the slightest intimacy with any one of them; he says that his principles will not suffer him to have any intercourse with them."

"I rather wonder that his principles will let him have any intercourse with us, for we are all of the same party as these worthy electors."

"I wonder, too; for I have often heard him speak very slightingly of titles, and honours, and rank; and sometimes he has actually said in so many words, that kings, lords, and priests,

ought to be exterminated as the pests of society; but I suppose that his intolerance has yielded a little to the circumstance of a slight personal acquaintance with Lord Slender; for I must do my father the justice to say of him, that though he hates titles, he can feel regard for those who bear them, and I will venture to say, that were it in his own power to execute the schemes of which he sometimes talks, the nobility and priesthood might wear their heads in as perfect safety as they do now.

"But I think it is a pity that Mr. North should suffer his political opinions to betray him into such extravagances as I have heard they do. It was but a few days before we came down to Truckleborough, that I heard that it was his intention to deliver a lecture here in the Town Hall, on the principles of society, with a view of teaching the worthy natives the doctrines of republicanism and equality. Mr. Turnstile was in the secret, and had at one time assisted him

with materials and prompted him to the undertaking."

"I believe that such was my father's intention," replied Miss North, "and I am not sure that he has relinquished it yet. He does not talk much to me on the subject, for I am rather disposed to more moderate principles. I most heartily wish that he could be diverted from such pursuits; for I am sometimes afraid his violence will lead him into trouble."

"To tell you the truth, my dear Miss North, I have fears of the same kind, and I can tell you, that I have some reason to believe that he is already watched by government; and ministers would not be very merciful to any that should be caught in their toils. These are very dangerous times, and I think that mankind in general are not very grateful to their political benefactors. Those who succeed in their schemes are regarded with jealousy, and those who fail are treated with contempt."

Miss North heard this last speech with something of deep interest, and with a suspicion that her father's danger was greater than she had imagined. Hitherto she had merely entertained a general feeling of anxiety, lest his violent doctrines might by some chance expose him to trouble, but now she began to fear that the danger was near and imminent. This feeling altered most obviously her tone and manner; and with most serious eanestness she implored her friend to tell her the whole extent of the danger to which her dear father was exposed.

Louisa soon calmed her fears by assuring her that there was no serious danger at present, and that in all probability, the vigilance of government would soon relax, as many of the trials for sedition had failed, and not a few of them had rendered the prosecutors ridiculous.

But notwithstanding all the consolatory and soothing topics urged to abate her fears, there still remained something of an uneasy feeling in the young lady's mind, and she wished to make

assurance doubly sure by persuading her father to relinquish his dangerous opinions, or at least to be more cautious in expressing and publishing them. She began now to fear, lest there should be some calamity arising from political discussion in the party at the hall, for she had some slight knowledge of the intemperate zeal of Dr. Mufflechops, and was well aware of the opinion which her father entertained of that spiritual man and his principles.

While her feelings were in this perturbed and agitated state, and Louisa was endeavouring with but small success to cheer the dejected spirits of her young friend, their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Charles Slender, who apologized for his intrusion, and requested permission to be of their party for a few minutes previously to the arrival of the company. He had scarcely spoken, before he perceived by the altered and dejected countenance of the young stranger, that something had occurred to distress her, and with an inconside-

rate, though well meant haste, begged to know if any ill news had arrived.

This inquiry increased her perplexity, and so added to her embarrassment, that Miss North was absolutely unable to make any reply to the question. Mr. Slender felt himself grieved that he had thus unwittingly and unintentionally distressed the young lady, and, directing an inquiring look to his sister, received from her a full and complete explanation of the whole mystery. Pleased to learn that the expression of concern was merely an anticipation of only a possible calamity, he united his endeavours with those of Louisa, and at last they succeeded in restoring the mind of the patriot's daughter to something like its wonted composure.

Miss North now began to feel her mind more than composed, and was even pleased at the kind interest which strangers of rank seemed to take in her happiness. She had seen little, very little of human society; she had hitherto known neither trouble, nor sympathy; and she began to think

that the brother and sister now before her, were the most amiable beings in the world. And with this feeling, she entered with vivacity into miscellaneous small-talk, and they in turn were delighted at the simple native gracefulness of mind which shewed itself in her expressions and sentiments.

The company began to arrive, and Mr. Charles was under the necessity of leaving his sister and her friend to their own conversation, and we will leave them too, that we may pay our due respects to "the worthy and independent"—now hastening, with becoming zeal and punctuality, to pay their devoirs to the new possessor of Truckleborough Hall. Let not our readers suspect for a moment that the entertainment now to be given was a mere treat or feast for the electors; it was not confined to them, nor extended to them all; for many a humble shopkeeper had the honour to belong to the common council, and to receive a cordial shake of the hand from a lord, and two M.P.'s, about once in

seven years or so; and the said humble shopkeeper had also another privilege, viz.—to take any friend or friends up to the Hall, to look at the pictures, and taste the contents of the pantry and the luxuries of the housekeeper's room; but to dine at my lord's own table, to sip my lord's own claret in my lord's own company, to hear my lord's own wit first hand, and to laugh and chuckle at it in my lord's own presence,—this was too much for a member of the common council—this was a privilege reserved only for the mayor and aldermen, and the rector, and curate, and the town-clerk, who was a most excellent lawyer, and a most loyal man.

It would be some convenience, and also some inconvenience if a writer could, while writing, have his readers at his elbow. Of the inconveniences, one is, that he might have a few hints not flattering to his vanity; and of the conveniences, one is, that he could ask the ladies and gentlemen if they particularly desired to

have this or that information. Now, in this latter case, we should be inclined to ask our readers if it would be any real pleasure to them to be introduced expressly and individually to the mayor, aldermen, &c. of the ancient and venerable town of Truckleborough; and if they would desire to have a full, true, and particular account of divers persons, who, whatever figure they may cut elsewhere, are not to make any after appearance in this history. In all probability the readers, one and all, would decline giving the author the trouble of describing, or even naming the said gentry; or, perhaps, such would be their confidence in the author's judgment, that they would leave it altogether to his decision. Taking for granted, therefore, that we may use our own discretion on this, as on every other topic, and trusting that our readers will give us credit for judgment in what we suppress, we shall merely point out to their particular notice one or two individuals, whose services in our history we may hereafter require.

First, then, in point of time came the portly Doctor Mufflechops, a man of stately and reverend look, grave even to a fault before dinner, and sometimes gay even to a fault after dinner; fond of royalty and nobility, devoted to the interests of the church, shocked at its impugners, and resolved to stand by it as long as it would stand by him. Joining him at the very threshold came the Rev. Mr. Slapp, his curate; not a thin, meagre, shadowy form, such as curates are too often painted, and such as might form a very pretty contrast with a corpulent rector, but a man of some substance, tall, stout, and well made, of gentlemanly manners and right comely aspect, quite as good a churchman as his rector, but not so often in a passion about the subject. The two reverend guests had not long discussed the weather to the edification of my lord, when they were joined by the rest of the company; and greatly were they relieved when the little talkative town-clerk rescued them from the painful necessity of trying to find

something to say before dinner. For my Lord Slender was at this crisis one of the most provoking men in the world; he would receive a guest with the most exquisite cordiality of manner, with a most fascinating politeness, and an almost garrulity of common-place; but after having said his say he was mute, except to decided interrogatories. It was a great relief then when Mr. Obadiah Smith, the town-clerk of Truckleborough, made his appearance.

Oby Smith, as he was familiarly called, was one of that description of persons of whom their friends are obliged to say occasionally, that they are no fools. He was mighty fluent, no subject came amiss to him, he was very good humoured, and knew so well the value of a good joke, that he never suffered one to pass his lips unhonoured with a laugh; and, as he was very witty, he was almost always on the titter. But he was a shrewd man withal, and a knowing one in his profession; not select in his practice, nor always successful in the causes which he under-

took. Always on very good terms with himself, he could not but think his company very acceptable; and had Lord Slender been a haughty man, and desirous of keeping the untitled at a distance, there would have been abundant occasion for repulsive frowns and cool monosyllables towards Obadiah Smith, town-clerk of Truckleborough.

The mayor of Truckleborough for the passing year had been formerly in business; had kept a large grocer's and draper's shop in the market place, opposite the King's Head; but when his wife, or more properly speaking his lady, had persuaded him to retire from business, and live like a gentleman, and his successor had caused to be painted a new front with gilt letters, having the inscription, "John Clarke, successor to Mr. Doolittle," the worthy and illustrious burgher did prevail on the said John Clarke to obliterate the notice of succession, and so the words "successor to Mr. Doolittle," were put out, and the name of Doolittle, and

drapery, and grocery, no longer connected. Abraham Doolittle, Esq. was a most active magistrate, and, for an unpaid, tolerably well-read in Burn's Justice. Some people have said that his eagerness to be always close to the letter of the law, did occasionally betray him into ludicrous blunders: as, for instance, when a man was brought before him for stealing gooseberries, he did, with great gravity, examine all his law books for the word gooseberry, and finding nothing nearer the mark than a report of a conviction for stealing a goose, did dismiss the culprit with a word of admonition to be more circumspect in his conduct for the future, telling him that he had had a narrow escape, for if it had been a goose that he had stolen, he must have been committed to prison, and perhaps transported. Very likely this story was a mere invention, for people are very spiteful against magistrates, and often speak evil of dignities; some persons dreading, and others envying their power.

Now, after Mr. Geoffry Turnstile had made a very polite bow, and given a very cordial shake of the hand to the above-named gentlemen, and divers others not named, and after the Honourable Mr. Slender had done the same, and after his lordship had endeavoured in vain to answer divers unanswerable observations made or uttered by Mr. Obadiah Smith and others, dinner was announced.

Dinner is a scene best passed over in silence; and there are so many books published now-a-days, in which gormandizing is discussed *con amore*, that any of our readers may supply the defect or omission by his own recollection or reference: besides, as William Hazlitt says, "I hate to fill a book, with what every body knows."

But everybody does not know what passed after dinner. Indeed for some time nothing did pass but the bottle; that, however, had its effect. The zeal of Dr. Mufflechops grew warmer and warmer, and at every additional glass, the interests of church and state became dearer to

his soul. The town-clerk became more eloquent in praise of royalty and nobility; and Abraham Doolittle, Esq. was more and more enamoured with existing circumstances, and thought that innovation should be resisted with all due energy and promptness. As for Philosopher North, he listened, with a degree of patience wonderful even to himself, to the vapid and servile declamations of interested and time-serving borough-mongers: but, in process of time, the spirit of the philosopher glowed with a warmer feeling of patriotism, and when the universal stimulant had let loose the wanton and saucy tongue of Mr. Turnstile, the patriot could no longer hold silence.

"Sir," said Mr. North, "the opinions which you have recently found it convenient to adopt, will, if carried to their legitimate consequences, make slaves of us all, and establish a permanent despotism."

"Well, well, North, don't be angry, we will not quarrel about politics; but, I say, how can

you think it possible to render your system practically useful? Granting all you say about the rights of man in the abstract, how can these remedies of your's rectify the evils against which you declaim?"

Now these words were uttered by Mr. Turnstile in such a cool, conciliating, and condescending tone, as if he were ready to listen with great patience to arguments which he could refute with the greatest facility. Therefore, feeling this, the philosopher was angry, even more angry than became a philosopher, and he replied with no small degree of asperity—

"Sir, if you are not satisfied with the arguments that you have heretofore used yourself, you are not likely to be convinced by my repetition of them."

The rest of the company were too much occupied, with their own miscellaneous talk, to be altogether aware of the precise nature of the dialogue which was passing between Mr. North and Mr. Turnstile; but the town-clerk heard

enough to satisfy him, that there was a degree of acrimony, and that Mr. North was on his usual topic; so being zealous for the honour of the corporation, and the purity of "the worthy and independent," he forthwith took up the cudgels for Mr. Turnstile, and directing his speech to Mr. North, entered into a long and lively harangue, on the independence and purity of the worthy electors of Truckleborough, and concluded by affirming that they were under no influence whatever, and that any person duly qualified, might come forward and solicit their votes, which would be given according to their opinion of the fitness, or unfitness of such persons to speak their sentiments in the house; and that if Mr. North could convince them that his views of political affairs were correct, he would be as likely to succeed as any one else; only, perhaps, Mr. North was himself too much influenced by respect for his noble friend to make such a proposal.

Now that was too bad, to accuse Mr. North

of being influenced, and by implication to question his power of convincing the electors of the justice of his sentiments. The philosopher frowned, then looked grave and meditative, and then smiled, and then said, perhaps he might try what truth there was in Mr. Smith's representation.

In due time, the party broke up—Mr. Smith went to sleep and forgot all that passed; Mr. North lay awake all night, and thought it over and over again very seriously, and he resolved to make the experiment; he thought success might be probable; and if not, what then?

CHAPTER V.

A party-man, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but whimsical at best.

PRIOR.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Mufflechops, and the rest of the party that had dined, slept soundly through the night, and rose refreshed with the dawning light, or about an hour or two afterwards, yet this was not the case with Mr. North. All night long he lay revolving, in what the poets would call "his mighty mind," the conversation which he had held the preceding day with Mr. Smith; the thought of becoming a member of parliament, and thus being able to make his voice heard in the Commons' House, and through that

medium to the whole kingdom, filled and more than filled his mind. He was every moment fancying himself "on his legs," and he could see the grave-looking speaker's attention arrested; and he was not a little proud to think, that at last the legislature would hear from his lips, such truths as never yet had been uttered in that assembly: corruption he would expose, sophistry he would detect, tyranny he would resist, and the people's rights he would vindicate so loudly and so long, that the nation should hail him as their patriot and deliverer. When he had indulged himself to his heart's content, in the revelry of anticipation, he betook himself to the more sober, but quite as necessary, employment of considering how he might be most likely to gain his election. There was no time to be lost. The writs were issued, and a day, not far distant, was appointed for the election of two burgesses to serve in parliament for the ancient town of Truckleborough.

Now, if any of our readers imagine, that Mr.

North was such a simpleton, as to think of opposing Lord Slender in his own borough, merely on the ground of Obadiah Smith's avowal and profession of the independence of the electors, we must endeavour to set them right. There was mention made at the close of the preceding chapter, of certain grave looks and subsequent smiles of Philosopher North. Now this gravity is not to be translated as meaning—"I will try their independence;" nor are the smiles to be rendered—"I think I shall be able by my arguments to persuade them." But while he looked grave, he was thinking that there were two factions in the corporation, and when he smiled he had finished a calculation of their numbers, and found that they were nearer to a balance than he had anticipated: and he had reason to hope that by some curious process, which is quite a secret to all but parliamentary candidates, he should be able to turn the balance in his favour.

There was at this time in the borough, an alderman, named Onesimus Jackson, by pro-

fession a solicitor, a much deeper and craftier man than Obadiah Smith. In Mr. Jackson's manners there was much of the gentleman, but in his conduct very little of it. There was this difference in the professional practice of the two lawyers, that Smith would not refuse a dirty job, and Jackson would endeavour to find or make one. This last named gentleman was leader of the opposition party in the corporation of Truckleborough, and by the terror of his chicanery he kept no small part of the inhabitants in awe of him: with the rabble he was rather popular; not that they had any respect for him personally, but they were pleased with any one who would oppose or mortify the aristocracy. His politics were merely such as might suit his policy. To this gentleman did Mr. North betake himself; and though inwardly despising him, he condescended to avail himself of his influence with the corporation to oppose Mr. Turnstile.

As soon as Mr. North had finished his break-

fast, he walked into the town, and called on Mr. Jackson. The lawyer was somewhat surprised at this unusual visit, for it was the first interview which the parties ever had. The philosopher, or as we may now better call him, the patriot, was most politely received. After a little hesitation, Mr. North began by saying, with no slight degree of pomp and formality—

"Mr. Jackson, I have taken the liberty to wait on you this morning, to solicit the honour of your vote and interest at the ensuing election of members of parliament for the town of Truckleborough."

Thereupon, Mr. Jackson's countenance changed, and he replied abruptly—

"My Lord Slender's nominee, whatever be his politics, need not give himself the trouble of canvassing the borough."

"Sir," replied the patriot, "I am no man's nominee, but my own."

Thereupon, Mr. Jackson's countenance changed again, and he added—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. North, for the mistake: but really I did not know exactly who was to be proposed to us, for Mr. Doolittle manages these matters for the great man at the hall, and seldom condescends to inform the electors, till the day before the election. I did hear indeed that a Mr. Turnstile was to be put in nomination with Lord Slender's eldest son: but as great men sometimes change their minds, I supposed, by your calling on me, that you might have been selected, instead of Mr. Turnstile."

"I am happy then to undeceive you. Mr. Slender and Mr. Turnstile, are, as I believe, to be proposed by Mr. Doolittle; and if you, Sir, are desirous of emancipating the borough from its present slavish dependence on the tenant of the great house, I shall be proud to have my name proposed by Mr. Jackson."

The lawyer looked thoughtful, and hummed, and muttered, and said something very indistinctly, about opinions, and principles, and dif-

ficulties, and prejudices, and independence, and so on, not forgetting expences. At this last word, the patriot took up the subject, and said that he would be happy to consult with Mr. Jackson on that point, and to be guided by him in the steps he should take in the affair. Another meeting was then agreed on for the evening of the same day; and Mr. North returned home, and retired to his library, there to construct his advertisements, and meditate on the plans which he should adopt to secure his election.

He had not been thus employed for much more than an hour, when his darling daughter came in, and announced the arrival of Mr. Turnstile and Louisa Slender. These visitors were not at that moment the most welcome, but as Mr. North was aspiring to the honour of a seat in parliament, where people are very courteous and very mild to their opponents, he felt that it became him to shew no symptoms of discourtesy to his quondam friend and political abettor; and as he had a very high opinion of

Louisa, and felt himself particularly desirous of appearing in an amiable point of view in her company, his manner of receiving them was cheerful, polite, and unrestrained. Very courteous were his inquiries after Lord Slender and Mr. Charles, and very great his pleasure to find that his lordship did not feel fatigued after his tiresome dinner party of the preceding day. During a great variety of miscellaneous chat, in which all four were alternately engaged, Mr. North was pleased at observing that Louisa's manner towards him was peculiarly animated and lively; and though she now and then seemed to banter him, it was with such exquisite good humour, that it was quite the reverse of offensive. At last Louisa asked Mr. Turnstile what day was fixed for the election at Truckleborough, and being told that it was fixed for Thursday fortnight, she turned round with great vivacity to Mr. North, and said—

"So, I understand, Mr. North, we are to have

a contested election at Truckleborough. Am I rightly informed ?"

Mr. Turnstile smiled, and Mr. North being taken by surprise looked rather blank, and did not give an immediate answer ; for which nobody can blame him, inasmuch as a good politician ought not hastily to commit himself, and, moreover, inasmuch as it is not easy to give an immediate answer, when one does not know what to say. All that entered Mr. North's mind as the cause of this interrogation, was the conversation which took place, on the previous day, with Mr. Smith ; for he could not think it possible that any part of what had passed, not more than an hour ago, with Mr. Jackson, could have transpired so soon. Having no mercy on his confusion, but rather enjoying his perplexity, Louisa continued—

" Come, come ; don't pretend to any thing of mystery, we know the whole affair, we have just now had it from the best authority."

"I suppose you are alluding to the conversation which passed yesterday after dinner at the hall, and I presume that Mr. Smith is your authority. I certainly might have so expressed myself to him, as to lead him to conjecture such an event."

"No, no, Mr. North, I am alluding to the conversation which passed this morning after breakfast, not at the hall, but at the office of Mr. Alderman Jackson."

"Madam! you astonish me, whence could you imagine that such was the object of my visit to Mr. Jackson this morning?"

"I so conjectured from the information I received about half an hour ago from Dr. Mufflechops. The fact is, that your conversation was overheard accidentally by one of Mr. Jackson's clerks, carried from thence to one of Smith's clerks, communicated forthwith by Mr. Smith to Mr. Doolittle, by him to Dr. Mufflechops, and the learned doctor was posting up to the hall, to convey the intelligence to my father, when we

met him. Poor man, he trembles for the safety of the church, and thinks heaven and earth should be moved to prevent the election of so dangerous a man. By this time your intention is known all over the town."

Then did the man of patriotic sentiment gravely reply—

"True it is, Madam, I have proposed myself to the electors of Truckleborough, with a view of representing them in the Commons' House of parliament; and I have made this proposal, not from personal ambition, or with any wish to be at enmity with my Lord Slender, or my friend Mr. Turnstile, but purely from a conscientious sense of duty: for I do imagine that I could advocate in that house principles of policy which have hitherto been altogether neglected, or insincerely supported."

To this speech Louisa replied with equal gravity—

"Indeed, Mr. North, I think you are perfectly right; for if you are satisfied that you have it in your power to correct any public

abuses, or to enlighten the legislature on subjects of national interest, it is no more than your duty to endeavour to place yourself in that situation, where your voice may be most effectually heard, and where your influence may be more extensive than it can be in this contracted sphere. I cannot say, indeed, how far my father may be disappointed at what you may call the emancipation of this borough; but I will venture to promise, that he will never regard with any feeling of resentment a man who acts from a sense of duty."

Mr. North made a respectful inclination of the head to these remarks; and Mr. Turnstile, feeling that it was his turn to make some observation, said, that, though he was sorry to find himself so opposed to his old friend, he hoped that the contest would be carried on with perfect good humour on both sides; at all events, he thought it would not be a very protracted contest, and hoped it would not be an angry one.

When his visitors were departed, the new

candidate felt himself rather perplexed. He wished from his heart to emancipate the borough; but he wished that his efforts for its emancipation had been directed against strangers, rather than against those with whom he was familiar, from whom he had received civilities, and with whom he was somewhat inclined to cultivate a friendship or intimacy. He had found it very easy to declaim against borough-mongers, and to utter most violent and spirit-stirring philippics against the malignant faction that enslaved the country; but when he came closer to some of the individuals of the hated class, and found them to possess many amiable qualities, then he began to make exceptions to his general rule, and he qualified his expressions, and abated his censures. Still, however, his principles remained firmly the same; still he lifted up his voice against political corruption; and still he was the ardent advocate of parliamentary reform, and the liberty of the subject. Perplexed, therefore, as he was by the conflict of private feeling with public

principle, he felt some relief in having, so soon after the first development of his scheme, encountered in good humour a part of the opposite faction. He was now fully and fairly committed.

When, from the conversation that had passed, Miss North had learned that her father had so far committed himself as to offer himself a candidate to represent the town of Truckleborough, her fears for his safety were again excited; she was apprehensive, that in proportion to the publicity of his situation, would be the probability of his being exposed to the severity of the laws against sedition; and then she was sorry that the acquaintance, which she had just begun to form with Louisa Slender, might, by means of this political conflict, be dissolved; and as, from what she had read of history, she had learned that mankind are often very ungrateful to their public benefactors, and oftentimes reject, with scorn and contempt, the blessings which patriots offer them, she thought it probable that the inhabitants and electors of Truckleborough would

scarcely thank her father for their emancipation, and that the remote and questionable good of parliamentary reform was hardly worth the sacrifice of good and valuable friends, and domestic, quiet, and humble safety. Such were the simple thoughts of female and youthful timidity, and under the pressure of these thoughts she could not refrain from attempting to persuade her father to relinquish his design. So she went and sat down by his side, and took hold of his hand, and, with her eyes almost suffused with tears, said to him—

"Father, don't be angry with me for what I am about to say."

"My dear child," said he, "what can *you* say that can make me angry?"

"Nothing, I hope," was her reply; "but I cannot help wishing and praying that you would not run such risks as you frequently have done, and I do wish you would not attempt to get into parliament. You know that this place, too, is what you call a rotten borough; and have not

you often said, that the electors must vote according to the orders of the proprietor? and then again you are not acquainted with any of the corporation, and they all hate your political opinions. I am sure you can never succeed. Then it will be very expensive to you. And, perhaps, you may offend my Lord Slender and his family, and they are very kind and friendly to us."

Mr. North listened very attentively to the reasonings of his daughter, and then very patiently replied to them, and repelled as well as he could the objections which she had started, concluding his reply, by urging the principle of duty and the demands of patriotism, to which he said all private feelings must give way.

"Yes, my dear father," replied the gentle maiden; "all that is very true, but are there not some persons who think it their duty to oppose your opinions, and to promote a very different line of policy: and one party must be in error, therefore both should be less positive. Besides,

how can you be sure that, after all, you can do any good. Have not you read and admired some most eloquent and convincing speeches, which have been delivered in the House of Commons, and then found that at the conclusion of the debate, all this eloquence had not moved, and all these arguments had not convinced them. Indeed, my dear father, you know that while you are instructing me you are doing good, but when you go to instruct those obstinate people in parliament, who vote according to their interests, you will not find them such willing or such grateful pupils."

By these, and such like reasonings and persuasions did Emma North endeavour to divert her father from his purpose of canvassing the borough; but her arguments were in vain, and patriotism gained the ascendancy over private feeling, and the strong sense of duty did transcend the love of ease and safety. Mr. North was fully determined to enter the stormy region of public life. According to appoint-

ment, he therefore paid a second visit that evening to Mr. Alderman Jackson. The alderman received him with a most cheerful and promising greeting, and it seemed as if his election were already secured.

"Well, Mr. Jackson," said the patriot; "have you considered the matter well, and are you of opinion that I shall have any chance of success?"

"Success!" echoed the alderman; "I think you are already secure. Look ye here. This paper contains a list of the whole number of the electors. Five and forty is the number of the corporation. Of these, five have places under government, which prevent them from voting at all: eighteen are my friends, and out of the remaining twenty-two I can, by some means or other, withdraw, on the day of election, six or seven, leaving you a decided majority."

"But, by what means, Mr. Jackson, will you withdraw these six or seven? Are you sure you can influ—can mana—can—can—that is, are

you quite sure that—that they will not vote against me?"

The word influence almost choked the patriot, but as it was for the good of his country, he did condescend for once to use unhallowed means to accomplish hallowed ends.

"Sir," said Mr. Jackson; "if you are willing to supply the means I will be answerable for the end."

"I could wish," replied the emancipator of Truckleborough; "that these affairs were to be managed without the instrumentality of pecuniary application."

"In that wish, Sir, you are not singular," replied the man of law: "every candidate for a seat in a certain house has the same wish. Gentlemen are not tempted to the sin of bribery by any pleasure which they derive from the act of bribing, but from the conviction that their ends, be they good, bad, or indifferent, are not to be gained without it."

"Ay, Sir, but it is a bad state of society that

renders this practice necessary; people ought to act in their public character only for the public good, and votes should be given only from conviction and principle, not for profit."

"Very true, Sir, very true; but if men were now to vote, as for instance, our good men of Truckleborough, only from conviction and principle, numbers of those who have votes, would not know how to dispose of them. Mankind must act from some motive, and if there is no reaching their understandings, we must apply to some other principle."

"Still, Sir, it is bad, very bad, such things ought not to be. The legislature ought to look more carefully to it, and by some vigorous and decisive measures put a stop to that pernicious system, which bids fair to enslave and degrade the nation. Men must be taught their duty."

Mr. Jackson thought all this very curious talk from a gentleman, who, professing jacobinical opinions, was seeking by some indirect means to obtain the votes of men, who, if they had any

opinions at all, were men of loyalty, and satisfied with the existing order of things. He kept his countenance, however, and was very well pleased to have an opportunity of playing off his followers against Mr. Alderman Doolittle, who had hitherto been the ruler of Truckleborough.

The interview was ended to the apparent mutual satisfaction of the parties. Mr. Jackson was pleased with the prospect of a profitable job, and Mr. North had hopes of reforming and regenerating the kingdom.

CHAPTER VI.

The to vn divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, interest, party sways.

CHURCHILL.

THE town of Truckleborough now began to assume an appearance of bustle and activity. There was nothing thought or spoken of, but the approaching election. With an intensity of interest, as if life, or more than life, depended on the issue, all classes and ages, and both sexes were agitated with anxiety, depressed by fears, or elevated by hopes. The Jackson party began to look quite big and threatening; all their adherents and friends were full of high talk. They were resolved to show a little spirit; they were not to be dictated to by any man, or any set of men. [Save

and except Mr. Jackson. This is in a parenthesis.] Now, said they, is the time to let the world know that the men of Truckleborough never will be slaves: they are not to be driven to market and sold like cattle: they are not going to elect any one whom my lord may please to nominate, not they:—they have a right, and they will exercise that right: they will vote conscientiously; they will have a man of their own choice, one that will stand up manfully for the rights of Englishmen.

All the boys who could write were busy in inscribing on the walls the name of the popular candidate. Even the wall of the church-yard was covered over with such inscriptions as "North and liberty for ever." "North and independence." "No rotten boroughs." "No Lord Slender." "Down with old Doolittle." "Jackson and emancipation." "No Turnstile." These, and similar expressions, were bawled about the streets from morning till night. Mrs. Doolittle was quite frightened out of her

wits, for as she was stepping out of her house, to go to a party at Mrs. Smith's, a rabble consisting of half-a-dozen dirty little boys, screamed out "Down with old Doolittle." The poor old lady was so terrified, that she turned back immediately and implored her dear husband to go and read the riot act to them; nor could she be prevailed upon to go to Mrs. Smith's party till a sedan chair was procured for her, and by that time the mob was dispersed.

The grandest and boldest preliminary step of the opposition party, however, was the exhibition and pasting up of an immense placard of blue paper, with yellow letters, the colours of the party. Who was the author of the placard remains unknown to the present day. Mr. North has uniformly denied that he had any hand in it, or knew any thing about it; but he feels very sore even now by any allusion to it. The evidence of authorship is, perhaps, stronger in favour of Mr. Jackson, or Francis Lathergills. They have both been known to speak rather

equivocally and evasively on the subject. The placard to which we allude, we will present to our readers—it is impressive and eloquent enough even on white paper and with black ink, in spite of the little blunder in attributing the quoted line to Shakspeare instead of to Milton; what then must it have been at the time of its exhibition on blue paper and in yellow letters!

"To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Truckleborough.

AWAKE! ARISE!! OR BE FOR EVER FALLEN!!!

Shakspeare.

"Men of Truckleborough, ye have been slaves for centuries. But the time is now arrived for you to throw off your ignoble chains, to burst the vile fetters which have bound you, to emancipate yourselves from the most horrible and detestable thraldom, and to claim that liberty to which as Englishmen and Britons ye are born. An advocate of liberty solicits your votes; give him your votes freely and without bias;—

go to the poll with plumpers in your hands, and vote for Stephen Bardolph North, Esq. Let North and liberty be your watch-word!—Vote for North, and ye abolish at once all sinecure places and pensions! Vote for North, and ye destroy the foul fiend corruption, root and branch! Vote for North, and ye shall hear the latest posterity blessing your immortal memories as the liberators of Europe and the emancipators of Truckleborough!!!!!!"

Now, what must that man's heart be made of, who could read this moving and eloquent address, and then go and vote for the Honorable Charles Slender, and Geoffry Turnstile, Esq. Yet there were some that did so, such is the perverseness of human nature. Of this more hereafter.

We must now turn our thoughts to the opposed party. Oby Smith could not tell what to make of it. He felt himself as in a dream. He it was, who, as we said above, first commu-

nicated the direful intelligence to Mr. Doolittle, and as Mr. Doolittle promised to inform Dr. Mufflechops, Mr. Smith proceeded to inform Mr. Slapp, who received the intelligence with very little surprise, and merely observed that he thought church and state in no danger from the event, and predicted that the corporation would never be such fools as to transfer themselves from Lord Slender's pantry to Mr. Jackson's parlour. Mr. Smith shrugged up his shoulders, and thought Mr. Slapp very ungrateful, not to be frightened out of his wits.

When Dr. Mufflechops carried the news up to the hall, he found Lord Slender and his son in the library. He announced himself as the bearer of important and serious intelligence, and at his entering the room endeavoured to put on a long face; but failed in the attempt, inasmuch as nature and diet had not rendered his countenance susceptible of perpendicular elongation. He looked, however, as dismal as he possibly

could, and when he had told his errand, the young gentleman smiled, and Lord Slender merely said—

"Poor man, I hope he will not spend much money on the speculation."

"But, my Lord," continued the doctor, "is it not a most shameful thing, that the peace of the town should be disturbed by a man of such abominable principles? Your lordship cannot but know the evils of a contested election, and what intemperance, and gluttony, and drunkenness then take place; and again, my lord, what disrespectful language is then uttered by the noisy multitude against their superiors and rulers. This town, my lord, has been hitherto quite exemplary for its loyalty, sobriety, and religion; and I am persuaded, that this is in a great measure owing to the happy circumstance of its never having been plagued with a contested election."

"Perhaps, Dr. Mufflechops," replied his lordship, "the town may be somewhat indebted to

your good instruction and example for its present high moral and temperate condition."

"Your lordship is very polite. I have certainly, to the best of my poor ability, endeavoured to instil right principles, and to teach sound doctrine, for that is the only way to keep the people in order."

"Then, doctor, the best course you can pursue in the present crisis, is to keep the attention of your parishioners directed to sound doctrine. As to this fancy of Mr. North, we must leave him to take his own course."

"But, my lord, he is a seditious man, a traitor to his king and country, and I have reason to believe, that he has gone to such excesses in his language, as to render him liable to arrest: and there is a foolish man in the town, one Lathergills, a hair-dresser, whose testimony, I think, we might procure, and thus get this dangerous man placed under arrest, and, perhaps, ultimately transported, or something worse."

"Oh, no, doctor, you are too severe by half;

we had better let him alone; I dare say that he will not contribute much to the demoralization of the town: for the election cannot last long, as there are not many voters. I think it will be far better to let him alone."

Dr. Mufflechops had not been much in the habit of contradicting lords, and therefore in the present case he yielded to Lord Slender's better judgment, and praised his clemency and christian forbearance. And when the reverend doctor conveyed to Mr. Alderman Doolittle the intelligence of the result of his interview with Lord Slender, that sagacious magistrate was most graciously pleased to coincide with his lordship's determination; and he also forbore to make any inquiries or investigation touching the seditious language which had been attributed to the emancipation of Truckleborough. The doctor, however, was fully determined that if the political culprit escaped the temporal power, he should be at least subjected to severe spiritual censures: and with that view he forthwith betook

himself to his study to look out for a sermon adapted to the present crisis, to which he might append some severe and searching reproofs against the restless, discontented, and seditious. This being done to his satisfaction, he still felt uneasy that no other steps should be taken against the disturber of the public peace; he, therefore, on the following morning, went to the shop of Francis Lathergills, with the design of sifting him as to the matter of seditious words spoken by Mr. North.

As soon as the awful voice of Dr. Mufflechops was heard in the shop, huskily asking for Lathergills, the obsequious perfumer made at once his appearance, and a most polite bow. The doctor received the salutation graciously.

"Lathergills," said he, "the wig which you sent me the other day is rather too small: I must have it altered."

"Indeed, your reverence; I am very sorry: I made it on the largest block I have; but I can alter it for you very easily, if your reverence

will let me have another to alter it by. When shall I call at the rectory?"

"You may call to-morrow morning.—But, Lathergills, pray what is the meaning of all those seditious inscriptions, which are chalked on the church-yard wall? If I can discover the perpetrator I will put him into the ecclesiastical court, as sure as he is born."

Thereat Francis Lathergills was exceedingly troubled and alarmed, both on account of what he did know, and on account of what he did not know. For he did know that his own son Tom was president of the Academy of Inscriptions, and he did not know what a terrible kind of place the ecclesiastical court might be, though he entertained a slight suspicion, that it might be an euphemism expressive of the stocks, or its more punitive appendix the whipping post. Being terrified, he was, therefore, confused, and, being confused, he knew not what to say at the first moment; but when the doctor, observing his confusion, or rather noticing his

silence, repeated the interrogation, the perfumer from London readily replied—

"I hope your reverence does not suspect me to have been guilty of such an offence?—indeed, to say the truth, I am no great hand at writing."

"But you have a son who can write, for he was taught in the charity school."

At this remark the hair-dresser had presence of mind enough to call out towards the back of the shop—

"Tom, did you write any thing with chalk on the church-wall?"

"No father," was the ready answer. Now, though Mr. Lathergills had not taught his son to tell lies, he was not sorry that on this occasion he could tell a lie without being taught. The doctor went on to say, that he would severely punish any one he could detect, and then added—

"But, Lathergills, I think you are rather intimate with this fellow, who is disturbing the peace of the town—this man North. Has not

he often been in your shop? Does not he sometimes call here, and talk to you about politics, and such like matters?"

Francis Lathergills was endeavouring to conjecture what could be the object of this question, in order to frame his answer accordingly, when he was relieved and interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Lathergills, who came bustling and curtseying into the shop, bawling out with as much reverence as her indignation would permit—

"Yes, your reverence, yes—that fellow North does come to the shop, please your worship, and he uses sich language enough to make one's hair stand on end."

"Indeed! good woman, what kind of language does he use? What have you heard him say?"

"Oh dear, your reverence, I have heard him say every thing but his prayers; he is sometimes from morning till night bothering my poor dear husband about liberty and rights, and all that

sort of stuff, till he has almost turned his brain. I am sure my dear husband was the quietest creature in the world, and never thought about liberty and rights, till that rascal put them into his head."

"But, my good woman," replied the doctor, "have you ever heard him use any seditious language, that you can swear to in a court of justice."

"Oh, yes, your reverence, hundreds and hundreds of times, that I have."

"Now, what was it that you heard him say, that you can positively swear to?"

"Why, your reverence, I can't just now remember like; but I know he did talk all that sort of stuff that they say is in Tom Paine's book, but I can't exactly say what it is—I know it is something about liberty, and against government, and kings, and bishops, and all that is good. I can swear to that, your worship."

Now upon hearing this, it occurred to Doctor Mufflechops that the evidence of Mrs. Lathergills would not be worth much in a court of

justice, and it also began to be evident to him, that though Mr. Lathergills might be an able, yet he would not be a willing evidence; and that Mrs. Lathergills, with all her willingness, would not be a competent or able testimony. Therefore, he left the shop despairing for the present, but exhorting Mrs. Lathergills to listen so closely, as to be able to remember and swear to the exact words, that should be used by Mr. North in his political conferences with, or more properly speaking, his political discourses to, her husband, Francis Lathergills. Bows and curtsies graced the doctor's departure.

When the doctor had finished his fruitless researches at the hair-dresser's, his next visit was to the King's Head Inn. Meeting the landlord at the door, he asked if Mr. North was in the habit of frequenting his house, and talking politics and sedition.

"He frequently comes to my house, please your reverence," was the landlord's answer; "but as for talking, he only talks to himself; for he

sits in the little back parlour next the bar, and reads the papers; and sometimes I hear him reading aloud, and making his observations on the news; and, if your reverence pleases, you may at any time hear him yourself, if you will sit in the bar."

What an idea!—the Rev. Dr. Mufflechops, Rector of Truckleborough, to sit in the bar of a public-house to overhear the soliloquies of a discontented jacobin!—preposterous! But the landlord had not the slightest notion of propriety. The doctor said pish, and walked away, meditating as he went along on the inconveniences and dangers of contested elections, and wondering at the negligence of our ancestors, who had suffered the people to have so great a hand in choosing members of parliament. As soon as he arrived at home, he very properly applied himself to the preparing of a lecture against jacobins for Sunday next.

Meanwhile, Mr. North, and his friend Mr. Jackson, after having made their preliminary

and only essential arrangements, proceeded to canvass the borough, that being a mere matter of form. By those who had been previously disciplined, and who belonged to Mr. Jackson's party, the patriot was most graciously received, and a ready promise was given. Others, who were not of that party, but who knew their duty as members of a close corporation, very politely said that their votes were engaged, and very calmly bore the indirect sneers of Mr. Jackson, who said that he was not aware that the borough had been yet canvassed by any one. But there were others, somewhat new to the business, not having been long members of the corporation, and having been chosen for their great aptitude for the situation, who were mightily puzzled when Mr. North asked for the promise of their vote and interest. They had a notion, that North was not the name of the new candidate, who was to be introduced by Lord Slender, and yet they knew that Mr. North had dined at the Hall with Mr. Doolittle and Dr. Mufflechops;

and not having yet seen the placard, they were in doubt what they should say; but knowing by a natural corporation instinct, that they should not vote with Mr. Jackson, they wisely avoided committing themselves either one way or the other, and merely said they would think about it. For the accommodation of such gentlemen as these, it would really be desirable that the proprietors of close boroughs would send notice, a few weeks previous to the election, of the names of the persons intended to be returned, together with some account of their character, if they have any.

All this time the party at the Hall was perfectly quiescent. Intelligence was almost hourly carried up concerning the movements of the enemy, but the intelligence was received with great indifference. At length, Mr. Doolittle took a walk to the Hall one morning, and suggested to his lordship, that it would be proper now for Mr. Charles and Mr. Turnstile to pay their respects to their intended constituents,

according to the usual forms in such cases made and provided.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Doolittle, right," said his lordship: "I had really quite forgotten; but I suppose it is usual, just as a matter of form, to canvass the borough. So I find that my friend Mr. North has been paying his respects to the corporation."

"O, my Lord, you need not fear the opposition that comes from that quarter: I have been too long acquainted with business to have any apprehension. Your lordship's friends are perfectly safe. Mr. North will not have a dozen votes at the utmost. He will most likely give up before the day of the election arrives."

"Pray, Mr. Doolittle, who and what is this Mr. Jackson, of whom I now hear so much every day since the commencement of this opposition? I never before heard of him. What is the nature of his influence in the town?"

"Why, my lord," replied Mr. Doolittle, "he

is by no means worth knowing, he is a very busy troublesome man, and is always bringing the town into some difficulties or other, merely to make professional advantage of its troubles: and there are some weak-minded people in the corporation, who pretend to have been ill-used, and vote with him on every occasion in which there can be made any thing of a division. Some of these people are under obligations to him, and others are afraid of him; but I have a hold upon several whom he fancies to be of his party, and I know all his movements."

"I am afraid, then," said his lordship, "he will fleece poor North, for these movements are not made for nothing. By the way is he a man of any ability? I understand he is in the law."

"He is considered, my lord, as a very clever man certainly."

"Suppose," said Lord Slender, "we contrive to get him a place."

"Oh, no, my lord, he will not accept of one,

that is, he will not accept of any, unless it be much more lucrative than is likely to be offered to him."

"He has never been tried, Mr. Doolittle, he has never been tried. I understand these things better than you do. Those who are most violent in saying no, before they are asked, are the most ready to say yes, after they have been asked. I will see to it, if I think it worth doing."

Mr. Doolittle and his lordship then proceeded to discuss various other matters relative to the day of the election, such as the dinner and the number of persons to be invited, and how many ball tickets should be issued, and by whom should the ball be opened.

"Perhaps," said his lordship, "Charles will open the ball with Mrs. Doolittle, for you have no daughter or niece, I believe."

"Mrs. Doolittle does not dance," replied the alderman; "but there will be many ladies there who will be proud of the honour."

"Well, well, that is a trifling matter, and I

will leave all these affairs, Mr. Doolittle, to your most excellent management; you will do what is right."

The alderman bowed, and took his leave most courteously and respectfully.

CHAPTER VII.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim.

AKENSIDE.

If our readers have any inclination to accompany the Hon. Charles Slender and Geoffry Turnstile, Esq. in their canvass of the borough, we are very sorry to say that we must disappoint them. For we do not think it would contribute much to their amusement, or information, to be introduced seriatim to Mr. Clarke, the grocer; Mr. Simpson, the linen-draper; Mr. Thompson, the butcher; Mr. Dickinson, the corn-factor, and many others; nor would they be wondrously diverted with the politeness of the candidates towards their possible consti-

tuents, nor with the tenderness with which they inquired after all the little Clarkes, Simpsons, Thompsons, Dickinsons, &c. &c. We must hurry our readers on to something more important, and more essential to the development of our history; and bring them to the Sunday immediately preceding the election.

On that day the church was unusually full. For though the good people of Truckleborough were not much addicted to sectarianism, and most of them were devoted adherents of the establishment, yet, on ordinary occasions, they manifested their attachment rather negatively than positively. And, though they were thoroughly satisfied that Dr. Mufflechops was most orthodox in doctrine, and most eloquent as an orator, yet they were never so well disposed to take advantage of the instructions of his orthodoxy, or to listen with rapture to his eloquence, as when the family at the Hall happened to be in the country. More especially on the present occasion, the interest of the good

people was excited, as there was a considerably strong feeling of curiosity in their minds, to hear what their reverend pastor would say on the present posture of affairs, as it was uniformly the rector's practice, to adapt his discourses to passing events, by which means he was, at least, sure of their attention.

The church, which was very much like many other churches, was situated rather on the outside of the town, and not far from the Hall. There was a noble avenue of horse-chesnut trees, leading from the road-side up to the church-porch, and, on fine Sundays, this was a favourite promenade in the intervals of service time. On this morning, however, as the day was remarkably bright, and the interest of the people unusually intense, the avenue was filled for nearly half an hour before the time for commencing the service; and this half hour was occupied by the saunterers in discussing political movements, and quizzing or cutting their neighbours. At length, Lord Slender's carriage

drove up to the gate at the end of the avenue, and the eyes of the people were turned towards it, and they observed, when the carriage door was opened, that five persons stepped out of it; three gentlemen, and two ladies. The mild and placid countenance of Lord Slender was immediately recognized, and the round, good humoured face of Mr. Turnstile, was greeted by the gaze of curiosity, and the youthful manliness of the Hon. Charles Slender presented to their view an expression of good and kindly feeling. These three gentlemen had already acquired no small share of popularity among the contented and satisfied part of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, for they were well known by their frequent visits to the usual places of public resort, and generally admired for their condescending manners; Mr. Turnstile especially, was quite a wag, for when he and Mr. Doolittle met in the street, they would stand talking and laughing for half an hour together. Of the two ladies, it was

easy to see that the tallest was Louisa, for she was a beautiful likeness of her brother. She walked up the avenue leaning on her brother's arm, and his other arm was timidly grasped by a somewhat smaller female figure; and as they passed onward she heard whispers, and the whisperers mentioned the name of Miss North, and there were exclamations of astonishment mingled with the whispers, and she held down her head, and seemed glad when she was seated in the pew. As soon as that party had entered the church, all the saunterers followed, and Dr. Mufflechops himself came in, almost out of breath; for he had seen his lordship's carriage, and was too late, with all his hurrying, to greet the noble party before they reached the church door.

Mr. Slapp read prayers remarkably well, and impressively, for he was not by any means a bad reader, when people of consequence were present to hear him read. The rector preached as usual, monotonously, sonorously, pompously,

and with a mighty abundance or superabundance of emphasis dealt out with more liberality than discretion. Much of his discourse was occupied in lauding the wisdom and virtue of our ancestors, especially those of our ancestors who made the laws by which we are now governed; from whence he proceeded to laud and praise, right cordially, the wisdom and virtue of the ancestors of the French republicans, and to vituperate the wicked ones who sought to rescind their ancient laws and institutions. Thus far, his homily was not strange or new, to that part of his audience which regularly attended church; but there followed, after these well known words, a most violent and bitter declamation against a certain "pestilent fellow and mover of sedition," who was endeavouring to subvert the constitution in church and state, to introduce wild and speculative notions into government and religion, to destroy the peace and harmony of the town, and to bring anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed

into the kingdom. There was no difficulty in understanding to whom these rebukes were directed. Now it came to pass that Mr. North was not present to hear this edifying harangue, and, indeed, strongly suspecting, from what he had heard and known of the doctor's habits, that some such attack would be made upon him, he had been rather desirous of preventing his daughter from being exposed to such a painful publicity; but at the same time not caring to state his reasons, and not willing to give any interruption to her ordinary practice of attending the church, he made no great objection to the request of Louisa, that Miss North might accompany their party that morning; entertaining some slight hope, that if he were not present himself, the attack might be spared or at least lose some of its energy. The doctor, however, was not aware of Mr. North's absence, inasmuch as during the time that he was preaching, he, for the sake of accuracy, kept his eye fixed on his book. As soon as the

attack was commenced, the sensitive mind of Emma North perceived and deeply felt it; her countenance changed, and tears started into her eyes, and she then hid her face with her handkerchief. It happened that the Hon. Charles Slender was at this moment not paying very particular attention to the preacher, and his eyes, in their miscellaneous wanderings, just then fell on the face of Miss North, and this movement excited his attention, and he readily ascertained the cause of her emotion. Disgusted with the gross personality of the preacher, and wishing to give some sign of his disapprobation, he rose from his seat, and advanced to the door of his pew, and there leaning on his arm, he directed his steady gaze to the pulpit; the doctor, however, not raising his eyes from the cushion, caught a glimpse only of the person, and concluding, as he afterwards said, that it was Mr. North himself, grew more violent in his emphasis, and more loud in his declamation. A gentle sobbing was heard in

Lord Slender's pew, and presently two ladies glided slowly out of the church.

When the service was finished, the doctor was again disappointed, in his attempt to pay his respects to Lord Slender; for his lordship made unusual haste out of church, that he might pay attention to the insulted maiden. The party soon arrived at the hall, and found that Louisa's kind sympathy had restored the young lady to perfect composure. Miss North was in short so much recovered, as to offer an apology for the trouble, which, she said, her weakness and folly had occasioned.

"Nay, nay, young lady," replied his lordship, "no apologies, no apologies: your emotion was very natural and very becoming. Dr. Mufflechops is a foolish man, you must not regard him. Come, come, you shall stay and spend the day with us, and we'll send the carriage down to the cottage for your father."

"Indeed your lordship is very kind, but I almost fear that, under present circumstances, my

father might hesitate a little at accepting an invitation to the hall, for his opinions are very singular, as your lordship knows."

This objection was made in a tone of voice, and with an expression, which seemed to say, that it was intended for an anticipated apology, in case one should be required, for any freak or feeling of political independence, on the part of the patriot. The objection was met and answered, the carriage was sent, and the citizen came to dinner at the hall. As soon as he entered the library, Lord Slender advanced to meet him, and with the most perfect cordiality of manner greeted and welcomed him. Mr. North felt rather awkwardly, and wished to say something on the subject of the approaching contest: but he wished to speak gravely, formally, and with reference to conscientious patriotic principles; and, unfortunately for him, Lord Slender was a very common-place sort of a man, and looked just at this moment in a very common-place kind of humour. Every body knows how difficult, or

almost impossible, it is at times to introduce very grave matters of conversation or discussion, for no man can be grave for any length of time, unless he can find some one to sympathize with his gravity. At this moment the patriot would have been somewhat pleased and even relieved, had Mr. Turnstile played off some of his banter upon him, so that the subject of the election might at least be introduced. There was felt also another difficulty—namely, in what manner should Mr. North himself treat the matter, when it should be introduced. He could not think of making an apology to my lord, that was quite out of the question in a matter of conscience and duty; and though he was disposed to carry on the contest in perfect charity towards his opponents, he was not quite sure that such feeling would be reciprocal. Then he wondered again, that after such steps of political hostility as he had taken, there should be such perfect cordiality of manner on the part of his lordship. He began to

think it possible that some proposals might be made from the noble proprietor of the borough to prevent the opposition, and to induce him to decline the contest; but he determined within himself that no consideration on earth should induce him to deviate from his purpose, or compromise his patriotic intentions: and as this idea gained possession of his fancy, he grew more rigid and stately in his manner, and put himself on his guard against all civilities and courtesy of manner of his host.

Notwithstanding the perplexity in which Mr. North was involved as to this mysterious behaviour of his noble friend, we do not apprehend that our readers have the slightest difficulty in the world in solving the riddle, and we almost seem to insult their understandings, or to question their discernment, when we deliberately and expressly tell them, that Lord Slender did not regard Mr. North's opposition as a matter of the least moment. He was merely inclined

to pity him that he should be so foolish as to spend his money in such a fruitless scheme; but knowing his obstinacy, and aware of his ignorance of the world and its ways, he was well satisfied that nothing, which he could say, would divert Mr. North from his purpose: and observing that he was a man of reading and reflection, and of natural good feelings, he could not but respect him; and so he hoped that when this freak was over, he would learn to think a little more soberly. Louisa, too, had attached herself very much to Miss North, and had gradually discovered in her mind and heart most admirable and excellent qualities, which she was desirous of fostering and patronizing. So that when the projected opposition was first talked of at the Hall it was unanimously resolved, that it would be best to let it pass over, and to indulge the citizen in his whim; for with all his good qualities he had a little vanity, and that would be somewhat gratified by having been a candidate for the honour of sitting in parliament; besides, as there were no

non-resident voters, and not many to purchase, it would not, after all, be a very expensive affair to him.

People are generally very stupid when they are waiting for dinner, and therefore Mr. North's silence and reserve were unnoticed at the time. After they had dined, and the four gentlemen were left alone, and Mr. North continued to hold silence, or to drop out his thoughts by monosyllables, Charles Slender, who was quicker than his lordship in conjecturing the cause of his embarrassment, at last introduced the subject.

"Come, Mr. North, you don't pass the bottle. You are thinking of our grand contest that is to take place next Thursday."

"Sir," replied the patriot, "you conjecture rightly. I am indeed meditating on that conflict, inasmuch as I feel it to be a matter of the utmost moment. I know that the views which I entertain of the rights of men, and the duties of citizens, differ widely from those of my opponents—"

"And differ as widely," interrupted Mr. Turn-

stile, "from those of your projected constituents. Now, seriously, North, how can you maintain such pure political principles as you assume to hold, and at the same time attempt to get into the house by means of a rotten borough? You must know that your constituents will not elect you for your opinions, but from some other motive, so that your first step in public life will contradict your own principles."

"Sir, I am aware of the force of your objection; but when a great and valuable end is to be answered, and the means do not exactly comport with our own preconceived ideas of what is exactly right and proper, in that case, perhaps, it may be admissible to tolerate a little evil in the means for a great good in the end; and if I, by the means of a rotten borough, as it is called, can become instrumental in extending the elective franchise, and emancipating the kingdom from its dependence on a few aristocratic families—— I beg, my Lord, I may not be considered as intending any personal disrespect—"

The patriot was puzzled—he wished to unite the sternness of republican virtue with the courtesy of the gentleman, and he failed—he wished to set his face against principles, but not to offend persons. At all events, he felt no inclination to say any thing offensive to Lord Slender, and, in fact, no one of any feeling could; for his lordship was a most calm, quiet, and inoffensive man; and whenever Mr. North was privately meditating, or publicly declaiming on the tyranny of an insolent and overbearing aristocracy, he could never for a moment include Lord Slender in his catalogue. And had not the mildness of the father's character disarmed his hostility, his gratitude for the daughter's courteous attention to his own only child, would have rendered him very favourably disposed towards the family. Therefore, he was in some perplexity, and he was not quite so indignant towards the person of Mr. Turnstile, for they had met frequently, and talked over the subject of their political differences; and

though Mr. Turnstile had not been able by any of his arguments to convert Mr. North from his opinions, yet he had at least satisfied the patriot that something might be said for both sides of the question. To the attempted apology of Mr North, Lord Slender quickly replied—

"Pray, Mr. North, don't apologize for speaking your honest opinion. The aristocracy is very fair game, only I apprehend if the power were taken out of the hands of one set, it would be transferred to another. Zealots will be leaders, and the people will be led; and if ever they do learn to think for themselves, it will not be in our time."

This was a mode of reasoning which the patriot did not approve, and there was a flippancy in the mode of utterance, which did not altogether comport with the seriousness of the subject, therefore, he the more gravely replied—

"My Lord, I cannot coincide with your views of political regeneration. I certainly do see that there is much ignorance and degradation of mind

among the people; but I do not argue from thence, that this degradation must be permanent. It is to be hoped, that as knowledge gradually extends, and institutions are ameliorated, the popular mind will be enlightened, and the chains of slavery and political subserviency will be broken, or will melt away, and men will think for themselves; and though the glorious emancipation of mind may not take place in our days, in all its full extent, yet we may hasten the accomplishment, and may see the dawn which precedes the day."

Mr. North paused, and Lord Slender filled the pause by saying to Mr. North, "certainly, Sir;" and to his son, "Charles, pass the bottle." Encouraged by these symptoms of attention, for he did not perceive that Mr. Turnstile was asleep, and that Charles was amusing himself with his sister's lap-dog, he proceeded—

"Is there not, my lord, a marked, a strongly marked difference between the political aspect of the kingdom now, and in the time of Henry

VIII.? And may we not hope that as time advances, mind will also advance? And what is there that can put a stop to the progress of knowledge and information? To prevent the introduction of knowledge might be practicable, but not to prevent its progress when it has been introduced. Has not the French revolution given a lesson to Europe?"

"Revolutions are dangerous things, Mr. North, very dangerous, I don't like them. Have you read Burke's Reflections? That book opened Mr. Turnstile's eyes."

And so did the mention of it at that moment; for rousing himself from his discourteous nap, rubbing his eyes, and smothering an incipient yawn, he said—

"It did so, my lord, and I cannot think it possible for any unprejudiced mind to resist the force of its arguments. It is a most admirable book. Have not you read it, North?"

"I anticipate its contents," replied the patriot; "I have not read it, but I know Mr.

Burke's mind so well, that it is only necessary to tell me that he has written such a book, and I am already acquainted with all its chivalric reasoning. Mr. Burke writes for the nobility and gentry, not for the people. He seeks to convince landlords, and leaves landlords to convince their tenants. He appeals to pride by a sophistry, which self-love converts into argument. He can never convince me that the million was made for one."

There was a grandeur and stateliness of manner in the utterance of the last sentence of the above speech, which led Charles Slender to wish for a change of topic; and without appearing to withdraw Mr. North forcibly from his subject, he alluded to the doctor's philippic against jacobins and jacobinism in his sermon at church.

"I expected as much," said Mr. North, "and for that reason I staid at home. Dr. Muffle-chops is a very foolish and intemperate man. I hope my poor child was not much annoyed by his remarks."

Charles Slender was compelled to acknowledge that the young lady was somewhat affected and disturbed, and he joined Mr. North in expressing his dislike to such a mode of advocating the cause of any party. In the course of the evening, the patriot was made fully acquainted with what had passed at church; and he concluded, that whatever might be the progress of mind, that of Dr. Mufflechops had reached its ultimatum.

Lord Slender's carriage conveyed the father and daughter home to the cottage; and when they arrived at home, Miss North began to renew her solicitations to her father, that he would decline the hopeless and useless contest.

"You see, my dear father, that the kindness with which we are treated at the Hall, and the very indifferent manner in which allusion is made to the affair, is enough to prove that my Lord Slender knows you have no chance whatever of success. I am sure Mr. Jackson is deceiving you. Besides, do you think that, if he ever had it in his power to turn the election,

such a man as he would not have made his advantage of it before this time?"

"My dear child, I am pleased with the manners of our friends at the Hall, and with the kind attentions which Louisa has paid to you; indeed, to say the truth, I have seldom seen a lady whose mind is of a higher or nobler cast than her's. I am pleased, I say, with these things, but I am not sure that some of the indifference, which seems manifested, may not be artificial, and designed to withdraw me from the contest. His lordship may be deceived as to the extent of his influence; and though the preceding proprietor of the estate had all the votes at his command, you know that he was of the same politics as the corporation: whereas, Lord Slender being a sort of a whig, does not stand much higher in their esteem than I do. Mr. Jackson has let me into some secrets concerning the management of the borough, by which I see my way much more clearly than you imagine."

Miss North was silenced, not convinced. It did not appear to her likely that Lord Slender

would treat with so much cordiality, an opponent of whom he had any apprehension; and it did appear to her very probable that Mr. Jackson had, for selfish reasons, deceived her father as to his prospects of success in the election. She did also begin to have some shadow of suspicion, and some distant idea that her father was exposing himself to ridicule by his outrageous opinions, and his manner of divulging and supporting them; and not being able to feel so very strongly the principle of public duty, it appeared to her mind almost ungrateful to the family at the Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common weal.
THOMSON.

ON the following morning, Charles Slender and his sister amused themselves with talking over this fancy of Mr. North's offering himself for the borough.

"It is just such a freak as might have been expected," said Louisa, "judging from the character which Turnstile gave of his patriotic friend. But that Jackson must be an unprincipled man, to lead Mr. North into such a needless expense."

"How far Jackson leads him," said Charles, "I cannot say; but I strongly suspect that the poor man was so fully bent on the achievement,

that neither Jackson, nor any one else, could divert him from the attempt. I am really concerned for him, too, on his daughter's account. Miss North appears to be a very amiable and intelligent girl, and to want nothing but a little rational society, to finish her character. She feels her father's absurdities, I am sure, most sensibly. Now, I have been thinking, that, if my father had not engaged Turnstile to become the *locum tenens* for my brother, there would not have been any great harm in putting Mr. North in parliament. Our own party would not have been so much annoyed by him as by a high tory, and I know some of them who would not be sorry to see the question of parliamentary reform made ridiculous."

"Suppose you suggest to Turnstile the idea of giving way to this redoubtable patriot. The experiment can do no harm. Let us go and ask him."

The proposal was immediately agreed to by the brother and sister, and Mr. Turnstile was

soon found, and he was too much at Lord Slender's beck to offer the shadow of an objection to any thing which my lord was likely to propose. Lord Slender very readily fell in with the views of his son and daughter; and Mr. Turnstile forthwith resolved to have some complaint or other, which nothing but the air of Lisbon could cure, and so relinquish the honour he had solicited from the hands of the corporation.

Charles and his sister immediately walked down to the ivy cottage, and found Mr. North and his daughter enjoying a fine autumn morning in their little garden. After the first salutations, and the usual common-places, Charles opened his commission:—

"Mr. North, my father and I have been considering and talking over the subject of the approaching election, and we have been thinking that it would be a great pity to interrupt the peace and harmony of the town by a fruitless contest, and that even to yourself it will not be

very agreeable to have for an opponent an old acquaintance, therefore we——"

"Sir," interrupted Mr. North, "I anticipate what you are about to say; but I cannot, I must not hear it. No, Sir, no; it never shall be said of Stephen Bardolph North that he ever deserted his principles, or compromised a public duty for private and personal motives. If my name be destined to go down to posterity on the page of history, it shall be blended with all that is pure in principle and firm in resolve. I honor and esteem my Lord Slender, your venerable father, I respect the virtues of his son and daughter, I am proud of the friendship of so respectable a family; but I cannot, for all this, renounce my country, or desert the cause of an oppressed, and injured, and degraded people. I must and will stand the issue of the election."

There's a speech, there's firmness, there's public principle! If we had but a few more such patriots as Stephen Bardolph North, the borough-mongering system would soon be at an end, and

corruption would breathe its last. But the worst of it is, that this kind of patriotism will not keep long, and sometimes as soon as it begins to find a fit opportunity for action, it all on a sudden loses its purity and strength. We can also tell the reader something, which Mr. North did not mention to Charles Slender, something whereby the value of his sacrifice to public principle is most prodigiously enhanced. The fact is, that Mr. North was more than half in love with Louisa; he had more than once hinted to his daughter, that it would be a great benefit to her to have the society of a female friend, and he had pretty plainly said, that such a friend might supply a mother's place, and that of all women, he had ever seen and conversed with, none shewed so good an understanding as Louisa Slender; making allowance for certain aristocratic prejudices, and nobody is without some prejudices or weaknesses, except philosophers, and patriots, and reformers But to proceed. As soon as the above-named speech had been

uttered, or rather spouted, by Mr. North, Charles Slender replied, that he found Mr. North was under a mistake.

"A mistake!" echoed the patriot, "what mistake? Did you not propose to me to decline the contest, to quit the field, to renounce my public duty?"

"No, Sir, by no means. You would not do me the honour to hear me to the end of my remarks. I was going to add, that we had so arranged matters with Mr. Turnstile, that you may take his place, and so come in without opposition."

This was too bad. Mr. North would most gladly have accepted a seat in parliament on almost any terms, after his mind had become heated with the glories of anticipation; but then he recollected what he had said and thought before, concerning Mr. Turnstile, and he thought of the blue and yellow placard, and the inscriptions on the church-yard wall; and there were the great letters, "Down with old Doolittle,"

staring him in the face. The real proposal was more bitter to him than the apprehended one.

"I cannot submit, Sir, to enter parliament shackled and fettered. I must go there free, or not at all. No, Sir; I thank my Lord Slender for his offer; but I cannot, consistently with my avowed principles, avail myself of it."

"There is no intention to fetter you as to your parliamentary conduct; you are left perfectly free to vote on which side you will, and to introduce what bills you please."

"But, Sir, I cannot consent to come in under the patronage of a lord. I must, therefore, entreat you to cease importuning me on the subject."

"Well, Mr. North, if it must be so, it must. I am concerned that we cannot make an amicable arrangement. I think you carry your scruples rather too far."

Here the discussion dropped, and the negociation broke off. What sacrifices do patriots make, in order to serve their country! And

after all, how ungrateful mankind are to these their benefactors, treating them with no more gratitude or respect than if their conduct were the result of whim, vanity, and caprice. It is astonishing that there are any patriots left.

When intelligence was carried back to the Hall, that Mr. North declined the patronage of Lord Slender, no great surprise was manifested by the party there. Mr. Turnstile laughed, and said that he had known Mr. North too long, to suppose it possible that such an offer should be accepted by him.

The die was now irrevocably cast; the patriot had resolved to stand a contested election, and nothing remained, but that the electors should discharge their duty as firmly as he was disposed and determined to discharge his. But, alas! this was not to be.

And now, we hope, that our readers will excuse us if we stop to moralize, and suspend the narrative for the sake of those wise reflections, for which alone all narrative is useful.

For when we learn from history nothing but facts, names, and dates, we are only indulging a vain and idle curiosity; then has history its true dignity, when it teaches philosophy by examples. There is also a pleasure to the author, in making an occasional pause in his work, and contemplating the state and condition of his moral portraits, observing what likeness they begin to bear to the originals, and endeavouring to trace some beauty of art in the colouring, expression, or attitude. Now, the principal moral reflection which we have to make at this period of our history, is the converse of that which we briefly made above, when, after speaking of the ingratitude with which patriots are treated, we said, "It is astonishing that there are any patriots left:" for we are also astonished, that any corruptible electors are left; because in every borough town, the only corrupt part of the community, is that which has the privilege of voting for members of parliament. For instance, the town of Truckleborough con-

tained five thousand inhabitants, and the corporation consisted of forty-five individuals; these forty-five were considered, by all the rest, as corrupt, and every man of Truckleborough, not being a member of the said corporation, did look down with a slight feeling of contempt on such as were members, and did consider them as the mere tools of any lord or gentleman who might reside at the Hall. Of course, therefore, all the inhabitants of Truckleborough, except the corporation, were persons of purity and integrity; and yet it is very remarkable, that though thirty years and upwards have passed away since the time of which we are writing, and though not four persons are now living, who then were members of that corporation, yet the corporation still keeps up its numbers and retains its corruption, though its numbers have been recruited and filled up out of that mass which we noticed as being pure and perfectly disinterested. This is a serious matter, and we shall feel it our duty to call the attention of

government to the subject very pointedly and distinctly. Mr. North had hopes, at one time, that he should be able to effect a beneficial change in this respect; but, poor man, he could not do it; and so from want of being able to emancipate the corporation of Truckleborough, he has been forced to live in abject slavery for the last thirty years of his life; but, happily for him, he has become so used to it, that he hardly cares about it now; and many of those matters, which were formerly to him a source of anxiety and food for active zeal, now only serve as topics of cool and deliberate speculation.

CHAPTER IX.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
Where most it promises.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE day for the election at length arrived. Anxiety had been wound up to its highest pitch, and the whole town was alive and busy. Every one was interested in an inverse ratio to his concern in the business. Francis Lathergills had in the beginning of the morning adorned the summit of his pole, i. e. the barber's pole, with a most gorgeous bunch of blue and yellow ribbons; but Mrs. Lathergills, having the fear of Dr. Mufflechops before her eyes, had dismounted the said ribbons before the day was far advanced. There was, however, some satis-

faction to both parties, for Mr. North saw the ribbons as he passed by in the morning, and Dr. Mufflechops did not pass that way till they had been taken down.

Towards twelve o'clock, a multitude of people, with blue and yellow ribbons on their hats, congregated together about the market-place, and near the entrance of the town hall: and they talked loudly on the subject of liberty and independence and emancipation; and ever and anon as any person passed by, not decorated as to his hat, with a blue and yellow favour, or by any means known, suspected, or conjectured to be friendly to the present order of things, the said passer-by was greeted by exclamations of "Liberty for ever!" "North for ever!" "Down with old Doolittle!" and such like election salutations. These people thus congregated in the market-place were not the electors, nor indeed likely to be electors, under any change short of unequivocal universal suffrage: they were mostly boys, and idle men, who had made holiday to rob

their families of the produce of a day's labour, for the sake of bawling out liberty, and drinking strong beer at Mr. North's expence. Mr. Jackson had paid for the ribbons, and Mr. North was hereafter to repay him: for the patriot had given to the lawyer a discretionary power as to these matters.

A little after twelve, the hall was opened, and soon filled. At the upper end of the room, on a raised platform, appeared the great folks. The preliminary matters having been gone through, Abraham Doolittle, Esq. stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen." Then did divers of the rabble, not regarding the dignity of time, place, or person, bawl out, "Down with old Doolittle." Fortunately for the venerable alderman, he was not so soon frightened as Mrs. Doolittle: he merely smiled, and continued:

"I beg leave to propose the Honourable Charles Slender, and Geoffry Turnstile, Esq., as fit and proper persons to represent this borough in parliament."

Mr. Simpson seconded the proposal. In ordinary times, and on common occasions, this would have settled the business. Mr. Jackson, however, now came forward, and with much more importance in his looks, than either Mr. Doolittle or Mr. Simpson assumed, began to hem, and smile, and look gracious, and thereat the whole assembly was most seriously affected; at length he spake.

"Gentlemen! I will not take on me to question the fitness of the Honourable Charles Slender and Geoffry Turnstile, Esq. to represent this borough, because I know nothing more of these gentlemen than Mr. Doolittle does [*a laugh*]; but there is a gentleman, whom I shall have the honour to name, a gentleman who is not a stranger to this town, a gentleman who is not the son of a lord, nor the dependent of a lord, [*great cheering*] a gentleman of real independence of character, one who resides among us, and whose zeal in the cause of liberty is well known to us all. Gentlemen, I beg leave to

propose Stephen Bardolph North, Esq. as a fit and proper person to represent this borough in parliament." [*loud and continued cheering.*]

Mr. Thompson seconded the proposal. The shew of hands was very considerable in favour of Mr. North. But as the number of voters was only forty, and the number of hands held up for Mr. North exceeded a hundred, the returning officer was puzzled; and on his saying that the shew of hands was in favour of Mr. North, a poll was instantly demanded, and the books were forthwith opened, and the polling commenced with great spirit; and there was a general call for Mr. North to step forward and address the meeting, with which the patriot, after some hesitation, complied: for it was his wish to wait till the close of the poll before he addressed his constituents. Stepping forward he said—

"Friends and fellow citizens! I do not come forward to solicit your suffrages for the honour of a seat in Parliament, in order to gratify any love of distinction, or with a view of selling

or bartering your liberties for paltry lucre, or ministerial smiles." [*cheers.*] "I can lay my hand on my heart," [he did so at the time as near as he could guess, suiting the action, &c.] "and can say that my only motive is, that I may serve my fellow citizens, that I may liberate those who are enslaved, that I may lift my voice against corruption and bribery." [He did not pronounce the last word very distinctly, recollecting a commission he had given to Mr. Jackson.] "It is my ambition, fellow citizens, to purify the political hemisphere by arguments which no sophistry can confute, by a zeal which no persecution can abate, and by an energy which no prejudice can resist." [It would be injustice to the citizens of Truckleborough to say that the preceding sentence was merely received with loud cheers, they were enthusiastic; for it is generally observed that oratorical triads or triplets are irresistible.] "Gentlemen," [Mr. North forgot himself here; but he recollected himself so far as not to recall the word; woe betide the patriot

who calls the mob gentlemen, and then retracts the word,] "you are assembled here this day to exercise your elective franchise, that indefeasible right by which you hold your liberties. Suffer yourselves to be no longer held in bondage and slavery; but vindicate your rights, assert your dignity as men and citizens, and think that you have a high duty to discharge; and I trust you will discharge it faithfully, so that at the close of the poll I may congratulate you on having emancipated yourselves from a thraldom in which you have been held so long." [*cheers.*]

It was a great pity that Mr. North's speech was not heard by many of those persons to whom it was addressed, for as soon as the polling commenced, the electors gave their suffrages and departed; so that when he had finished his speech, there remained of the electors only Messrs. Doolittle, Simpson, Jackson, and Thompson. The rest had polled, and were departed, to prepare for the festivities of the evening. The poll clerks were sitting unemployed till the above-

named gentlemen tendered their votes. It is needless to say that Mr. Doolittle and Mr. Simpson voted for Slender and Turnstile; and that Jackson and Thompson gave plumpers to North. The poll books were closed at two o'clock, and the numbers declared were—

For	Hon. Charles Slender	30
	Geoffry Turnstile Esq.	30
	Steph. Bard. North Esq.	10

Whereupon the Hon. Charles Slender, and Geoffry Turnstile, Esq. were declared duly elected: and Stephen Bardolph North felt himself very greatly astonished. The successful canditates returned thanks in speeches terse, short, neat, and appropriate. Mr. North spoke as follows:

"Citizens of Truckleborough! Although by various circumstances, for which I cannot account, the situation in which I am placed is that of a defeated candidate; yet I do not regret that I have made an attempt to rescue this town from the degradation of its servility. It is something

that ten independent votes have been found in the place. [*cheers.*] The time, perhaps, may come, in which that number may be doubled, [*cheers*]—ay, quadrupled. [*Increasing cheers answering to the climax.*] And you, my fellow-citizens, may rest assured, that I will not desist from my endeavours to emancipate the borough; for though unsuccessful now, it may not be so another time; and you may depend on this, that I will be ready at the next election again to step forward." [This was said before Mr. North had any idea of the length of Mr. Jackson's bill.] "I assure you I am not discouraged by this one defeat, and I hope and trust that the friends of liberty in this town are not in despair by the issue of this day's contest."

Mr. North bowed and withdrew. Long, loud, and reiterated plaudits followed his speech; they would have been longer, louder, and more reiterated, had it not been that the beer was ready, and that most of the gentlemen citizens had retired to partake thereof. And ever and

anon, while they quaffed the goodly beverage, there might be heard the shouts of "North and liberty! Down with old Doolittle," &c.

The successful candidates were compelled to undergo the honor of being chaired through the town; and the same honor was offered to, and strongly urged upon, Mr. North; but he very pertinaciously declined it, as being totally unnecessary, irrelevant, and not tending to the emancipation of the borough. While, therefore, the ceremony of chairing was going on, the disappointed patriot hastened to the house of Mr. Jackson, for the purpose of discussing the cause of the failure.

"Really, Mr. North," said the man of law, "it is very odd; but I believe the people who had promised us were actually frightened: for Dr. Mufflechops has been going round to the different members of the corporation, and telling them strange stories about your religious and political opinions—and that has made some difference; and then, that fellow Doolittle, who

appears to be such a simpleton, is not so great a fool as he looks; and though he is out of business, he has several men yet in his books, who would not find it convenient to offend him. I am truly sorry it has ended so."

"So am I, Mr. Jackson; but how happened it that your list of names so deceived you—out of your eighteen only ten voted for me,—what became of the other eight?"

"I think, Sir, I can account for two, who are partners in the upholstery line. Mr. Doolittle, on the first hearing of the intelligence of an opposition, sent a note to the Hall, and forthwith an order came down to these persons for some paper hanging and carpetting, to be executed immediately; they were hardly to be depended on in the first instance; and after all, it seems that you had but two plumpers, for of your other eight votes four were divided with Slender, and four with Turnstile. The plain fact is, that we were out-bid or out-done in generalship."

"Well, Sir," replied Mr. North, "as it has terminated so, we must make the best of it. But, Mr. Jackson, can we not somehow contrive to petition against the return of these men, on the ground of bribery?"

"Certainly we might do so, but we should find difficulty in getting evidence; and even if these two gentlemen should be displaced, you might share the same fate, and Lord Slender would nominate two others, who would be chosen in their room."

The patriot, therefore, determined to adhere to his determination to make the best of it; and forthwith returned to his own home, where he was sure of a most welcome reception. His daughter met him at the door, and having in a moment smiled away the gloom of his disappointment, informed him that Louisa Slender was in the house, and had been endeavouring to persuade her to attend the election ball.

"And why should you not, my dear child, if it will amuse you? I would not have you regard

my disappointment to-day as a matter of a personal nature, or consider my political opponents as my personal enemies."

Miss North was rejoiced to hear her father talk thus, and pleased was she to see how cordially and politely he greeted Louisa, the daughter of the hostile house. With a cheerfulness, that had no symptom of constraint or artifice, he began by alluding to the contest that was just concluded, and then referring to what his daughter had stated as being the object of the lady's visit, he most gallantly added—

"I hope my daughter will not refuse to accompany so good a friend; if she declines attending you to the ball, I shall be most happy to wait on you. What say you, Louisa, will you accept of me for a partner?"

Louisa curtsied and replied, "I will accept you for a partner on one condition."

"And what is that condition?—it shall certainly be conceded, if it involve no dereliction of principle."

"I am almost afraid," replied Louisa, "that it will be considered as involving a dereliction of principle: however, my condition is that you shall not talk politics, or make any allusion whatever to the election, from the time you enter the ball room to the time you leave it."

"Will you not by this injunction compel me to total silence for the whole evening? for if I do not talk politics, or make any allusion to this day's contest, what else can I talk about? Do you think it possible I can speak or think of any thing else?"

The patriot was in high good humour, and uttered this last sentence in a tone of very pleasant irony. It was answered by the lady in the same spirit.

"What else can you speak of? Oh! a thousand things, you can quiz the company, or talk sentimentality about taste and the fine arts."

"The company will be more likely to quiz me, I think, as an unsuccessful candidate."

"Not a word, Mr. North, not a word on the subject. I shall expect to meet you and Miss North at the ball, this evening; so prepare to banish all political thoughts. The chariot shall come for you. So good morning."

When Louisa had departed, Miss North began to congratulate her father on the fortitude with which he bore his disappointment; and her own spirits revived when she saw how lightly he bore the loss.

"I am quite delighted, my dear father," exclaimed Emma, "that you are in such good spirits after your disappointment, and I am glad to see that the contest is not likely to interrupt our friendship and acquaintance with the family at the hall. Louisa came down to me, as soon as the election was over, and she spoke so very kindly and considerately; and she said that her brother and Mr. Turnstile were desirous of preventing the circumstance from rendering you uneasy. But will you not go to the dinner, as well as to the ball? I

understand that the gentlemen have a dinner at the King's Head at four o'clock. I think it will be better for you to go."

"No, my child, I will not attend the dinner, for if I do, I shall not be able to comply with the conditions on which I am to have my partner at the ball. We shall have at or after the dinner too much political allusion, and I shall certainly be tempted to utter my sentiments. If I thought, indeed, that by attending there, and expressing my humble opinions, I could produce conviction in any minds, I should think it a duty I owed my country, to dine at the King's Head; but people don't reason after dinner, especially corporation people. Then I shall see that impracticable blockhead, Dr. Mufflechops, and hear from him so much nauseous loyalty, that I shall not recover my good humour all the evening."

"Well, I will not persuade you, if you feel disinclined, yet if you could resolve not to heed the talk you may hear there, it might be as well

to let it be seen, that you do not feel any enmity towards your opponents. As for convincing or converting the corporation, I should think that as hopeless a task before dinner as after."

"My dear child," replied the patriot, "well as I can bear my disappointment, considered in a merely personal point of view, it is quite another thing to bear calmly with those attacks, which men calling themselves loyal make on the pure and disinterested principles of patriotism. However, upon second thoughts, it may be better for me to go, than to appear, even for a moment, mortified by a defeat; for, after all, the defeat is merely owing to the power of influence, the people are manifestly on my side; and should that most desirable measure, a reform in parliament, ever take place, I think I may calculate on the unbiassed suffrages of the people. Till this day, I was not aware of the extent of my popularity. Yes, I will take your advice, my dear child; I will dine at the

King's Head, and I am ready to make every exertion in favour of the great cause."

"But, my dear father, you had better not exert yourself too much at the dinner, you must remember that you have promised to attend the ball."

"I will be duly careful, and will so manage, that my public duties and my personal engagements do not by any means clash or interfere with each other."

Matters being thus arranged, the patriot and his daughter were well pleased; Mr. North was fully bent on being a firm patriot at the King's Head, and was as determined to be a most perfect gentleman at the assembly-room in the evening; and Miss North merely anticipated the pleasure of a ball, a luxury which she but seldom enjoyed.

CHAPTER X.

Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast.
GRAY.

THE great room at the King's Head was nearly filled before four o'clock, so that the waiters could hardly pass through the crowd, to place the dishes on the table. As soon as this ceremony was performed, and the plebeian part of the company was seated, there entered the room, in great state, the Honourable Charles Slender, Geoffry Turnstile, Esq., Stephen Bardolph North, Esq., Abraham Doolittle, Esq., Onesimus Jackson, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Mufflechops, the Rev. Mr. Slapp, and a few other great ones of lesser note. As this goodly company moved

slowly up the room between the two long tables, a band of music, stationed in a kind of gallery, played the loyal anthem of God save the King; and some persons have said that Mr. North gave a very contemptuous kind of a sneer, as if disgusted with the music; but whether at the performance, or at the thing performed, is not now to be ascertained. The party was soon seated, and silence was called, and silence came, and staid just for a moment, while Dr. Muffle-chops said grace, and then fled before the clatter of plates, and jingling of glasses, and jabbering of tongues; and while the people did eat and drink most loyally, the music in the gallery played most loudly. It was really pleasant and delightful to observe, during dinner-time, the great affability and cheerful condescension of Charles Slender, who, though the son of a nobleman, was quite at home in the company of humble burgesses; and he laughed and talked away to Mr. Doolittle, and he took wine with every one whose eyes he could catch: indeed,

Mr. Spriggs, the cabinet-maker, has boasted of having been twice challenged to take wine with the heir-apparent of the Slender family. And equal condescension did Mr. Turnstile exercise at the head of the other table; and he talked with Mr. Jackson, and with Mr. North; and all party spirit seemed forgotten. Tories seemed bursting with liberality, and whigs overflowing with loyalty. There was silence again for a moment, and Mr. Slapp said grace after meat; for the singing ones of Truckleborough could not compass "Non Nobis." Then followed the usual toasts, with the usual accompaniments, and the usual noise. Now come the speeches.

Up rose Mr. Doolittle, a man majestic enough on ordinary occasions, but with his scarlet gown and gold chain, the grandest looking magistrate in Christendom.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose a toast, which, I am sure, will be received with the utmost cordiality by all present; it is the name of a gentleman, who has been this day

elected by a large and unanimous majority, to represent this borough in parliament. Gentlemen, I beg leave to give the health of the Right Honorable Charles Slender, with three times three."

Thunders of applause followed the proposal. Mr. Doolittle smiled, and looked as pleased as if the applause had been lavished on his own eloquence. As soon as silence could be obtained, Charles Slender spoke as follows.

"Gentlemen, I feel very sensibly the honour you have conferred upon me, in choosing me as one of your representatives; and I am most highly gratified by the very cordial manner in which you have been pleased to drink my health. I consider this day, gentlemen, as the proudest day in my life. I am aware of the great and important trust which you have reposed in me, and it shall be the constant study of my life to discharge these high and momentous duties which are now devolving on me. It is with great diffidence, gentlemen, that I undertake

these duties; but I know you will receive with candour my humble endeavours to serve the corpo—the town which I have the honour to represent. Gentlemen, I beg leave again to thank you most sincerely for the honour which you have done me, and I beg to drink all your good healths, wishing you every happiness," &c.

The honourable gentleman was here so overcome by his feelings, and the latter sentence of his speech was so loudly and reiteratedly applauded, that no more could be heard, even if more was said, which is doubtful. The corporation and inhabitants were delighted with the eloquence of their new representative, and were convinced that their interests could not be intrusted to better hands.

Envying the applause which Mr. Doolittle had gained for the toast which he had proposed, next rose Mr. Simpson; and, in a very neat and appropriate speech, proposed to the company the health of Geoffry Turnstile, Esq., with three times three. This was also received with most

loud and hearty cheering, and Mr. Simpson was happy. Thereupon, Mr. Turnstile rose, and addressed the company.

"Gentlemen, next to the honour of being returned to serve in parliament for so enlightened a body, is the pleasure of the compliment now paid me by the drinking of my health by so respectable a company. [*cheers.*] Gentlemen, I am truly grateful for your kindness; and I trust that my parliamentary conduct will be such as shall make it manifest that your confidence has not been misplaced. [*cheers.*] Gentlemen, no words can express the regard I feel for the corporation and town of Truckleborough; and there is no sacrifice I would not make for the benefit of this venerable town, and its truly respectable inhabitants. [*loud cheers.*] Gentlemen, it has been ordered by the wisdom of our ancestors, and no religious or loyal subject can for a moment question their wisdom, that only a small number of the good people in this town should be perplexed with the choosing, or re-

sponsible for the choice of representatives; but though chosen by the few, I consider myself the representative of all. [*very loud cheers.*] I shall be always ready to attend to all your suggestions, and to watch over all your interests. [*still louder cheers.*] Thus, gentlemen, while only a few are burdened with the duty of choosing representatives, the whole mass receives the benefit of representation. [*prodigious cheering*, led on and greatly countenanced by Dr. Mufflechops.] Gentlemen, let me conclude by drinking all your good healths, and wishing you all happiness and prosperity."

This speech was followed with very marked and tumultuous applause; and the feasting townsmen of Truckleborough said one to another, "what a clever man." And as the applauding tumult was subsiding, the attention of the company was drawn to the grave and solemn form of Mr. North, rising to claim their attention, and threatening them with a speech. Fortunately, perhaps, for all parties, Charles Slen-

der, observing the movement of the patriot, but pretending not to see it, rose up as quick as thought; and, before Mr. North could open his lips, began to address the company, and in the same moment bowed to the defeated candidate, as in signal of giving him the precedence. Mr. North smiled and bowed, and sat down. Charles Slender smiled and bowed, and affected to sit down; Mr. North kept his seat, and bowed low as he sat; and, thereupon, Charles Slender was compelled to proceed.

"Gentlemen, may I be permitted to propose the health of a respected friend— of a gentleman who is not unknown to you; a gentleman whose private character is most estimable, but whose politics are not, perhaps, quite in unison with those of the present company, [*hear, hear.*] But while we differ on these points, it is our duty to honour moral worth and integrity. I beg to propose the health of Mr. North, with three times three, [*loud cheers.*]"

The toast was very well taken, for the com-

pany were growing very candid and liberal. Even Dr. Mufflechops was able to swallow it with the assistance of a large and well-filled glass of wine. Mr. Doolittle took it very graciously, so did Mr. Simpson; and Mr. Doolittle said to Mr. Simpson, "He is certainly a very worthy man in private life." And Mr. Simpson said to Mr. Doolittle, "So I have heard." All passed, of course, in a whisper; and many other persons at table whispered the same truth to their neighbours. At length the patriot rose and said—

"Friends and fellow-citizens; you flatter me by this kind and public notice. I am most happy thus to receive expressions of your approbation. The cause of my country lies near to my heart. [*cheers.*] I would willingly and cheerfully give my best exertions for its service. Hitherto I have been, as a private citizen, merely a spectator and a well-wisher, and to-day I have stepped forth from retirement, proffering my public services; these, however, have been declined. Yet, perhaps, the time may come when

I shall be more fortunate. At least I have cleared my own conscience." [*cheers.* It may here be observed by the way, that whenever the word "conscience," closes a sentence in a speech, that sentence should always be cheered.] —"The times are full of great events, and others still greater and more important are approaching. New principles have occupied the minds of men, and intellect is now making greater strides than ever. It is not now the time for indolence and inactivity, but every one who has the talent, ought also to have the will to serve his country; and we ought to look vigilantly about us, and take especial care that our country, which has hitherto taken the lead in civilization, be not now behind its neighbouring states in the great science of legislation. A new era is approaching, and mighty movements are now going on. [*yawns.*] What changes our descendants may see, who can tell? Who knows to what degree of perfection the science of legislation may be carried? For

when once the human mind has received a ray of light, and the torch of knowledge is kindled," [cracking of nuts and jingling of glasses.] "When once the torch of knowledge is kindled, it is impossible to say to what extent that illumination may reach." [Whisperings and louder talkings, and a general muttering, as if nobody minded what Mr. North was saying, conveyed a hint to the patriot to cut short his speech.] "But not to occupy your attention too long, [*hear, hear,*] let me now conclude by thanking you for the honour you have done me, and by drinking to your health in return."

The company felt very much relieved when Mr. North had finished his oration, and they expressed their gratitude by noisy cheers. Mr. North was pleased with these cheers; and he prided himself very much on the dexterity with which he had contrived to utter his own political sentiments, without hurting or alarming the prejudices of the company. He was convinced that some good effect had been produced

by the publicity which he had thus given to his general views of policy; and he was satisfied that the human mind only wanted to be enlightened, in order to attain that most desirable of all objects, a rational and free government. But, alas! while the good man thought that he was communicating some portion of his own spirit to the inhabitants of Truckleborough, the poison of corruption was in some measure infecting his own purity: for, from the intercourse which he had had with Mr. Jackson, and the experience of the total absence of all principle in the disposing of votes, and from the very agreeable manners of the Slender family, some of what he has called his own bigotry, was rather diminished: and while he was fancying that others were coming nearer to his views, he was rather drawing nearer to theirs. Conversion, whether political or religious, creeps unawares on the mind, and often it happens that a long series of circumstances and events, unnoticed and unobserved, produces a crisis, which

appears instantaneous, only because the mind was inattentive to the progress of events.

But to proceed with our history. After the new representatives had, with all due compliments to the talents and virtues of the respective parties, proposed the health of the Mayor, and Recorder, and Town Clerk, and other ornaments of Truckleborough, the company began to disperse, and prepare for the more graceful festivities of the ball. Election balls are much alike every where, very much frequented, and very much reprobated. It would be tedious to enter very minutely into all the arrangements, or to describe very particularly the dresses and decorations of the ladies who graced it with their presence. A list of the dresses, indeed, might be as interesting as the catalogue of the ships in Homer's Iliad, and might as much tax the author's invention, and the reader's patience. Suffice it then to say, that Mrs. Doolittle sported the finest satin, Miss Simpson the gayest plumes, Miss Clarke the largest Roman pearls, Miss

Thompson the most fanciful flowers, Miss Jackson the most bespangled turban, and Miss North the cleanest white muslin frock of any in the room.

Our readers have been already informed, that Mrs. Doolittle does not dance; but lest they should have forgotten it we here repeat it. Now, under these circumstances, it was clearly the duty of the mayor to provide as a partner, with whom the ball should be opened, some lady next in rank in the corporation. Mr. Doolittle knew that Miss Jackson should, by rights, have that honour; but he so hated Mr. Jackson, that he was determined to overlook that right of succession, and was hesitating, whether his choice should fix on Miss Simpson, or Miss Clarke, when Charles Slender familiarly addressing himself to the civil magistrate, for an introduction to some young lady as a partner, poor Mr. Doolittle in his hurry and bewilderment, could not recognize Miss Simpson in her fine plumage, and by a strange blunder, presented the honour-

able gentleman to Miss North, who was accordingly led out to open the ball with the Honorable Charles Slender. Emma blushed, and felt that she blushed, and so blushed the more: for, not being aware that there might be any circumstance occurring at the ball to excite her timidity, she had not provided, as some tremulous damsels, to conceal a passing natural blush by means of a permanent and artificial one. With the exception of this blunder, the ball passed off very well. For Mr. Turnstile, who was far better acquainted with the corporation, and their families, than was his friend Charles Slender, took for his first partner, Miss Simpson, and for his second, Miss Clarke. The tongues of all Truckleborough were kept in motion for a fortnight by the means of this election ball. Miss Simpson and Miss Clarke were loud and unanimous in praise of Mr. Turnstile. He was the most perfect gentleman they had ever seen: very likely. He was the best dancer they had ever danced with: very likely. He was the

most intelligent man they had ever conversed with: very likely too. But for the Honorable Charles Slender, the ladies had not so much to say. He was a fine looking young man, but rather reserved; very kind hearted, and it was quite an act of charity in him to patronize poor Miss North: though it would have been more in order had he selected for a partner some one more connected with the corporation; but the Slenders had all along very much noticed Mr. North and his daughter; and, perhaps, it was as well that this notice should he taken of Miss North, were it only to shew that there was no feeling of hostility on the circumstance of the opposition. Some persons expressed their surprise, that Mr. North should be so fortunate as to have Louisa for his partner at the ball. The most knowing ones, however, discovered that it was all previously arranged by the Slenders, who, from a feeling of aristocratic pride, did not choose to condescend to dance with the people of the corporation; and there was a great deal of satisfaction in the discovery

that the Slenders were very proud people. To be sure they were very charitable, but there might be as much of ostentation as of benevolence in their charity. Then as to Miss North, whom nobody scarcely knew before, it was certainly very ridiculous for so young and simple a looking creature to set herself up before the Miss Simpsons, Miss Thompsons, Miss Clarkes, and many others; but she was so proud of her father having stood a contest for Truckleborough, that she began to think herself a person of some consequence. Miss Thompson, however, consoled herself, that though her papa was in trade, he was a richer man, most likely, than Mr. North, who set himself up for a gentleman. Now it is very certain, that the Thompsons, Simpsons, Clarkes, and Jacksons had abundant right to complain; they were very ill-used, and all their remarks were very just and proper, and such as any body would have made in their situation, and they did wisely in expressing themselves accordingly; and if Mr. North had petitioned

parliament against the return of the two members, these ladies ought also to have presented a petition for redress, and a new ball, which no doubt they would have had granted to them on a fair representation of their case.

CHAPTER XI.

Now, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell and go.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the nominees of some noble lord are chosen to sit in parliament, as representatives of any borough, and when they have gone through the fatigue, and undergone the civility of canvassing, and have given their constituents and their friends a noisy dinner at the largest room at the inn, and have afterwards given a ball, to which all the neighbourhood is invited; what do they do next?—They invariably leave the said borough town as soon as possible, and turn their backs for six years on those most worthy and independent gentry, for whom they feel so

much regard, and for whose interests their whole souls are anxious and alive. The Honorable Charles Slender and Mr. Geoffry Turnstile then did no more than what every one would do in their situation: they ordered the carriage to be ready about an hour after breakfast, and employed that hour in squeezing the hands of, and professing themselves eternally obliged to Messrs. Doolittle, Simpson, Clarke, Dickinson, Jackson, Thompson, White, Black, Brown, Green, and Gray: expressing at the same time their deep regret, that they must hurry away so soon from such valued and valuable friends.

Their last call was on Mr. North. The patriot received them in his morning gown and slippers, and, considering his election disappointment, he was in most excellent spirits. Indeed, it does not become a philosopher to be out of spirits on any occasion; he ought to set the world a pattern of patience: and as for a patriot, he ought not to be angry when he loses his election; it is only for those who are

not patriots to be disappointed and grieved when they lose an election; because they are merely on selfish grounds desirous of entering the senate; while the patriot, on the other hand, is never moved by any selfish thoughts: he anticipates no profit, he is not ambitious of vain glory, but it is purely and solely for the good of his country, that he desires a seat and voice in the legislative assembly. Therefore, if a patriot has sought for votes and found them not, he must take it for granted, that his fellow-citizens do not need his services, or that they have not wit enough to know his merits and value; then he merely pities them, and is not mortified. These considerations, or same others like them, influenced the patriot of the ivy cottage, and so he received the farewell call of the elected representatives of Truckleborough with the utmost cheerfulness and good humour.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you are now preparing for your departure, and looking forward to your great duties as legislators."

"Even so, Mr. North," replied Mr. Turnstile, "and we have come to take our leave of you; we shall be on our journey in less than an hour. If there is any thing in which I can serve you, I beg you will honour me with your commands."

"Ay, ay, friend," replied the patriot, "statesmen's language seems familiar to you already. Serve your country faithfully, Mr. Turnstile, and you will serve me most truly and most acceptably."

"I hope and trust I shall serve my country faithfully, but I fear that your opinions on that subject will not exactly coincide with mine; and, perhaps, while I imagine I am serving my country, you may think I am betraying it."

"Come, come, Turnstile," interrupted Charles Slender, "we must not commence a political dissertation this morning, we shall not have time to finish it; and if you enter into an argument with Mr. North, you may, perhaps, have the worst of it. He is an acute reasoner."

"Not acute enough," said the patriot with a

smile, "to convince Mr. Doolittle and his friends that my views of policy are preferable to those of my Lord Slender's friends."

"That you cannot tell, till you try."

"Would you think it worth while to make the experiment, were you in my situation, and knew as much of Truckleborough and human nature as you do?"

"Really I cannot say I should," replied the representative of Messrs. Doolittle and company; "but, Mr. North, if you are desirous of coming into parliament on the ground of principle, and with a view to reform, would it not be better for you to make the attempt in some place where the voters are more numerous and less liable to the suspicion of influence? You would stand a better chance of being chosen at Westminster than at Truckleborough; the scot and lot voters of that royal city are not much under the influence of the crown or cabinet."

"I am unknown in that city," said Mr. North; "but feeling it to be my duty as a citi-

zen to contribute to the illumination of the public mind, I may, perhaps, soon take up my residence there, and become an active, as well as honorary, member of the constitutional society."

"I think you cannot do better, with your views," observed Mr. Turnstile; "for while you are here, you are doing nothing and can do nothing: for even supposing you should convince Mr. Doolittle and Mrs. Doolittle, and all the inhabitants of Truckleborough, men, women, and children, and bring them all over to your way of thinking, you would then have made but comparatively little progress towards enlightening the nation."

Mr. Turnstile made the above observation, not by way of sneer, but with a view of provoking Mr. North to mingle more with society, in order that his singularities and oddities should be corrected, and his whims become neutralized; for he had already begun to perceive some slight change in the philosopher, since his intimacy with the family at the hall; therefore, he hoped,

and not without reason, that a more extended intercourse with society would be the means of effectually abating his extravagances. Mr. North himself, too, began to grow weary of the monotony of a country town. Ivy cottages, and rural felicity, and honey-suckles, and nightingales, and village bells, are all very pretty in their way, and at certain seasons of the year; but they wont do all the year round; they may be very well to talk about in London, but they are not the proper scene for patriotism and public illumination; and besides, the people in country towns and villages don't know what you mean when you call them citizens. There, too, was that Dr. Mufflechops, that everlasting rondo of loyalty and theology, that most impenetrable of all blockheads, that great dam that impeded and thoroughly stopped the current of thought and civilization. To be sure Mr. Lathergills was a willing disciple and convert, but Mrs. Lathergills was almost as bad as Dr. Mufflechops; and as for poor Lathergills himself, he was rather

converted than enlightened, and he was a very timid man, and, notwithstanding all his occasional blustering, he stood very much in awe of Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle. All these things considered, Mr. North was beginning to entertain serious intentions of removing his establishment to the metropolis, where he might have a more extended sphere of action. The two representatives of Truckleborough expressed their good wishes for the patriot, and urged him to follow up his determination of mixing more with human society, giving him at the same time a few friendly and cautiously expressed hints touching the danger and inutility of an intemperate zeal; but what has principle to do with prudence! Mr. North smiled at their well-intended cautions, but was fully resolved to speak out boldly, and fulfil his duty, unmindful of any consequences which might follow from so doing. He also hoped, that by associating more with the friends of reform, he should find his feelings more deeply interested, and have his zeal more power-

fully excited; for such is the constitution of man, he must be kept in countenance by his fellow creatures, or his zeal evaporates, and his ardour cools. Mr. North had already begun to experience this, and he was angry with himself that he was not more angry with others. His courtesy of demeanour to the Slender family, and the kindly thoughts he entertained of them, frequently gave him a degree of uneasiness, and he suspected himself of being a traitor to the cause of liberty, because he was upon good terms with a borough proprietor. So difficult it is to be at peace with a man, and at war with his principles.

The two representatives took their leave of the philosopher, under the impression that they should soon see or hear of him in the metropolis, lifting up his voice against the corruption, the sycophancy, the tyranny, the baseness, the servility, the venality, and want of public spirit, which threatened to plunge England, Scotland, Ireland, and our town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, into irretrievable ruin.

In a few minutes after this interview, Charles Slender and Geoffry Turnstile were on their road to London; and, as a country town is a very stupid place after the election is over, perhaps our readers will have no objection to accompany the above-named gentlemen in their journey to the great city. Turnstile was the first to break silence.

"I suppose we shall receive the congratulations of our friends, on our triumph of yesterday. It was not, indeed, quite so severe a contest as some of our party have had to undergo; and we had the satisfaction of terminating the conflict without much ill-humour on either side."

"Yes," said his companion.

"But what an oddity is this North. Who would have thought of his offering himself to the borough? I have, indeed, been long acquainted with him; and I fancy that I know something of his character, but really this last step quite puzzles me. It must have been Mr. Jack-

son's doing, merely out of opposition to Mr. Doolittle. Don't you think so, Slender?"

"Yes," said his companion.

"It is very strange, but I think it will be of service to him; for it has brought him to mingle a little more in society, and has, no doubt, driven some few conceits out of his head: and I don't think him an incurable patriot."

To this remark, and many others of a similar nature, which were most fluently and copiously poured forth by Mr. Turnstile, did Charles Slender give, from time to time such answers, of yes or no, as they imperatively required. So long as Mr. Turnstile found himself amused by the sound of his own voice, so long did he take no heed of the unusual taciturnity of his companion; but when he had tired himself, and was disposed to hear as well as to be heard, he presently noticed his friend's silence.

"My good friend, how silent you are—what are you thinking about? Are you meditating your maiden speech?"

"Why, no," replied Charles, "I was only thinking—thinking how very—what a ridiculous sermon Dr. Mufflechops preached last Sunday. That man is a downright fool; he can certainly know nothing of my father's politics, to think of paying his court at the Hall by such intemperance."

Turnstile laughed, and thought it very singular that his young friend, who was not in general much of a sermon fancier, should have been so much occupied in dwelling upon the recollection of a political tirade from the rector of Truckleborough.

"A very silly sermon to be sure, but not worth thinking of now it is finished. Would you have the poor man prosecuted for high treason in the pulpit, as Dr. Sacheverel was? We do not live in days so unfavourable to tory principles, as to lead one to hope for a very severe verdict."

"But it was so insultingly personal," replied Charles Slender. "What business had he to

make such an attack on Mr. North, who is, after all, a very worthy, well-meaning man. His politics are somewhat wild and extravagant; but he is very sincere, and, I believe, he actually fancies that the state cannot be preserved without the adoption of his notions."

"So is the doctor very sincere; he firmly believes in the great wickedness and manifold inconvenience of opposing or contradicting the powers that be."

"As sincere as ignorance and interest can make him," responded Charles Slender. "I do most cordially hate such a character; I have no patience with the man."

"Softly, softly, my good friend; now let me talk seriously to you. You are a young man, and you have all the violence of youth about you; but you will do well to govern and moderate yourself. It is not good policy to be so over-ardent in your expressions and feelings, either of hatred or love. Dr. Mufflechops is a very great blockhead, and a contemptible fel-

low: there can be but one opinion on that subject; but you need not let a matter of opinion run away with your self-command. I had exactly the same feeling as to the impropriety of his sermon as you had; but I did not think it necessary to make so public a display of that feeling; and, indeed, there is very little good done by that volunteer championship."

"My good Sir," replied the young gentleman, whose ardour was by no means abated by this harangue, "how can you be an advocate for such time-serving principles? What! am I to behold with calmness and indifference acts of oppression, and scenes of injustice? Am I to bring all my natural and honest feelings of contempt for what is base, down to the level of a cool, calculating prudence, and to a question of personal, selfish advantage? No, no, Sir; I have not yet learned to disguise or conceal my feelings, and I hope I never shall."

"And yet," replied Mr. Turnstile, "you

have the reputation of being a well-bred man and a gentleman; and, methinks, it is not easy to preserve or acquire that character, without an occasional suppression of opinion, or concealment of feeling."

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Turnstile; whether my reputation is well or ill deserved, I cannot say; but it does not appear to me that insincerity is an essential part of the character of a gentleman. There may be, indeed, a blunt rudeness, which arrogates to itself the title of sincerity, and apologizes for itself under the garb of plain dealing: this is, in my estimation ungentlemanlike; but a proper and becoming politeness is not, therefore, the reverse of sincerity."

Mr. Turnstile smiled at his young friend's earnestness, and said, "You were, undoubtedly, very courteous and polite in your taking leave of the electors of Truckleborough this morning; and yet, if you were called on to declare,

on your honour, that you really believed all you said, you would have some hesitation."

"Now, you are carrying the argument to a ridiculous extent; for the language, which you thus characterize as insincere, deceives nobody; it is merely the conventional language of society, and the omission of it is an act of rudeness."

"And you will also find," replied Mr. Turnstile, "that it is the conventional practice of society to abstain from an expression of all the opinions we entertain of men or manners. Besides, to say nothing more, it is very inconvenient to express opinions too loudly and too strongly; for a time may come in which a change of opinion may lead to a different kind of expression, and then it will be very disagreeable to have our former language quoted against us, which must be the case when we are very violent. Now if we are not too violent and ardent in our expressions, but merely belong generally to a certain party, we are at liberty, in case of a change,

to explain our former views according to circumstances: but when our language is very strong, it stands on record against us, and there is no possibility of gainsaying it, or softening it down by explanation or comment."

Charles Slender thought these sentiments most abominable; he had some idea that Mr. Turnstile had acted upon them; but it quite scandalized him to hear such principles openly and deliberately avowed. He relapsed, therefore, into his former silence, and meditated again on the intemperate zeal of Dr. Mufflechops; and he settled it in his own mind that the sincerity and zeal of Mr. North were far more respectable than the same qualities in the reverend doctor; inasmuch, as the philosopher did not carry them to market, and the doctor did. The journey was, therefore, finished in silence, or in commonplace desultory chat.

As soon as their arrival in town was made known, the new members for Truckleborough were honoured by the congratulations of their nume-

rous friends and acquaintance. Mr. Turnstile found that his intimates had not forgotten him during his absence; for not a few, whose politics were in unison with those of Mr. North, came to pay their respects to the newly elected legislator, and to urge upon the honourable gentleman the importance and necessity of supporting and advocating the principles of parliamentary reform. They had not been fully aware of the extent of the revolution which had taken place in the mind and views of their quondam associate; for though he had somewhat withdrawn himself from their society, and had not recently mingled much in their discussions, yet he had represented this partial withdrawing, not as a relinquishing of the principle, but as compelled by circumstances, and almost despairing of effecting their object. When, therefore, they did perceive that their good friend was become a member of the commons' house of parliament, and under the patronage of a nobleman who had been generally regarded as of liberal principles, they began to entertain

sanguine expectations of the flourishing aspect of their affairs, and to hope that a reform was not far distant.

Mr. Turnstile soon discovered, that whatever advantage might hereafter accrue to him from his new honour, he had not yet obtained a sinecure place; for his table was every morning covered with letters, and his doors every day besieged by political friends, and his patience exhausted by hints, suggestions, recommendations, and opinions. In less than a week he received upwards of a hundred voluminous outlines of a plan for a speedy, effectual, temperate, rational, constitutional, practical reform in the commons' house of parliament. At first he smiled with complacency, and thought them very silly, and then he was impatient and angry, and thought them troublesome and impertinent; and at last he laughed at them most heartily, thinking them outrageously absurd. Sometimes, he was annoyed with a most tedious tête à tête with some profound politician, who seemed to fancy, by the

importance and deep gravity of his manner, that he alone had discovered the grand secret of political regeneration, and that without an illumination from *his* mind, the world must remain for ever in total darkness as to its interests. At other times, he was scarcely less annoyed by a multitude of these gentry, angrily and noisily discussing with one another the true and genuine principles of reform. To be sure he had nothing to do but to listen; for they were not so unreasonable as to expect him to hear and talk too; nor had they studied the subject so superficially, as to imagine that they had any thing left to learn. Listening, however, is no such easy task, especially when we have no interest in that to which we are compelled to listen, and when we have certain reasons which compel us to dissent from what we hear, and certain reasons which prevent us from expressing our dissent. Mr. Turnstile did not betray symptoms of impatience, nor drop any expression that might be construed into opposition to the views of the patriots:

therefore, they regarded him as an enlightened man, and they cherished hopes of the commencement of a political millennium. But they did not think, and few people do think, how exquisitely inefficient is a single member of parliament, especially when he owes his seat to the patronage of a noble lord, whose son is not yet old enough to fill the said seat.

CHAPTER. XII.

When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar?
ROWE.

NOT many weeks had elapsed since the departure of the senators from Truckleborough, before Lord Slender, and his daughter, with Mr. North, and his daughter, joined the party in London. The patriot was strongly solicited by Lord Slender, to occupy apartments in his house, and regard himself and daughter as most welcome guests; but the spirit of independence, and the fear of being corrupted as to the purity of his principles, led him to decline the friendly offer. He, therefore, hired for himself a neat and commodious furnished house, not far from his lord-

ship's residence; and though he declined taking up his abode with his noble friend, he became a very frequent visitor to him. And though Mr. North was on the wrong side of forty, even according to his own account, and Charles Slender was but just of age, they were remarkably good friends; so that their respective well-wishers had fears for them; the aristocratical gentry dreading, that Charles Slender would imbibe democratical sentiments, and the patriots fearing, that the purity of Mr. North's mind would suffer contamination from such friendly intercourse with borough-mongers and nobles. Nor was Mr. North only in danger from his intimacy with Charles Slender: he had a still more powerful tempter to political aberration in the person of Louisa, who, without directly assailing the patriot's creed, so discoursed on the grand topics of patriotic interest, that they did not appear altogether quite so self-evident, nor quite so practical, as the good man had been habituated to regard them.

Notwithstanding all untoward circumstances, and in spite of all unfavourable symptoms, Mr. North still retained his purity and integrity; and now that he was resident in the great metropolis, and near the seat of government, he thought it high time to lift up his voice against the enormous political abuses of the times, and to contribute his mite of co-operation in the great and all-absorbing concern of political regeneration. For this end he called a meeting of some choice and select patriots, with a view of establishing something like a forum, or debating society; in which the principles of government should be discussed freely and temperately, and all persons, of whatever opinions, should be permitted and invited to deliver their sentiments. Thus he thought that by the collision of opinion, truth would be brought to light, and he knew that truth was great and would prevail.

The organization of this society was no great difficulty; but there was some trouble in procuring a proper place for assembling. The

publicans of that day were fearful of losing their licences, or, perhaps, their heads, and it signified little to them which they lost, for one was of no use without the other. At last a high-minded and public-spirited retailer of Whitbread's entire, was discovered in Shoe-lane; his name was Jedediah Crack, and he was landlord of the public-house, called "the Pig's Foot and Pie-crust." This worthy citizen, on condition of receiving a very handsome consideration for the use of his club-room, agreed to accommodate the party. Proper advertisements were put forth, most cautiously worded; so that, for any thing that these invitations contained, the patrons of the institution might be the lovers of established government, and the advocates of things that be.

About a quarter of an hour previously to the time announced for the taking of the chair, the room was tolerably well filled, and Mr. North and his immediate supporters had some slight difficulty in reaching that end of the apartment where was placed the president's chair. The

proposal, that citizen North should be requested to take the chair, was carried with acclamation; though few persons there present knew who or what citizen North was. Citizen North accordingly acceded to the wish thus unanimously and cordially expressed; taking the chair, he bowed most politely to the audience, or company, rather more politely, indeed, than one citizen should bow to another, for some of the party said, that such bending of the body, savoured too strongly of courtly manners; but others more candidly attributed it to the respect which citizen North bore to the majesty of the people.

The chairman being duly installed, or enthroned, proceeded forthwith to the business of the evening, and commenced with a powerfully argumentative and impressively eloquent speech, of which only the following meagre outline remains:—

"Fellow-citizens! we are assembled this evening at the Pig's Foot and Pie-crust, through

the kindness of citizen Crack, and for the purpose of liberating Europe from tyranny and priestcraft. Truth needs only fair scope and freedom, and it must prevail. We are as willing to hear the sentiments of others, as we are to utter our own, and in the conflict of opinion we may hope for the development of truth. Our object is discussion, only discussion; we have no seditious or traitorous views; we do not design to overthrow the government by force of arms, but we desire to purify it by force of argument; we have no wish to subvert any thing that is established, merely because it is established; and all the innovation we desire is the innovation of improvement. But, fellow-citizens! we shall never see the diffusion of rational principles of government, till the public mind is enlightened. 'Knowledge,' said Lord Bacon, 'is power.' Now, if we increase our political knowledge, we increase in the same ratio our political power. For the purpose of acquiring and diffusing

knowledge, this society is formed; and what can be a more effectual instrument of increasing knowledge than associations like the present? [*A tremendous burst of applause.*] Let us then proceed to business with all due decorum, remembering that the eyes of Europe are upon us, and that on the vigour and wisdom of our decisions the slavery or liberty of millions may depend. Our first discussion, fellow-citizens, is, 'What form of government is best calculated to secure the liberties and promote the happiness of a great and enlightened nation?' I hope that this question may now be fairly and freely discussed, and I wish that every facility should be given for the utterance of every variety of opinion, for thus only we can arrive at truth."

A great deal of applause followed this speech, and a great deal more applause would have followed it, had it not been for the circumstance that most of the leaders of the loud expressions of commendation were desirous of uttering their opinions on the great question. Therefore, as

soon as the president had closed his introductory harangue, and had stated the subject of the evening's debate, not less than a dozen active citizens, whose eyes were fixed on the patriotic chairman, and who were unobservant of each other, sprang from their seats simultaneously, and with one voice exclaimed, "Mister President." Now, though Mister President was gifted by nature with two ears, and with only one tongue, in order, as some wise one has expressed it, that he might say little and hear much; yet it was beyond the power of those two ears, stretched to their utmost, to receive the twelvefold eloquence of the Shoe-lane patriots. A task next in difficulty, was to ascertain which of the twelve should have the precedence, they all rose at once, and had all at once caught the chairman's eye, at least so the chairman thought. Mr. North was puzzled for a moment, but his sagacity furnished presently a clue to the difficulty, and he proposed, that, as there was some little perplexity on the subject of precedence, it

might be as well that age should determine it, and that the eldest should speak first, provided it could be ascertained which was the eldest. Now, fortunately this point could easily be ascertained, inasmuch, as eleven out of the twelve had scarcely finished their apprenticeship, and the twelfth had at least completed his sixtieth year. This being known to the meeting, a general call was made for Mr. Snubbs.

Thereupon Mr. Snubbs rose. It is fitting, however, that our readers should know who and what the said citizen was; for he was a stranger even to Mr. North, who had all along been rather a kind of aristocratic democrat. Mr. Snubbs was by profession a journeyman-printer, and had been so for forty years. His political idol and philosophic model was Dr. Franklin, whose peculiarities he imitated as far as he knew them, and whose opinions he adopted as far as he could ascertain them. To say the truth, Mr. Snubbs was a decided republican, but he was by no means formidable to the existing govern-

mant. Nature had not constructed his bodily frame for acts of personal violence, his stature not exceeding five feet, and the dimensions of his breadth and circumference being in fair proportion to his height. His great strength lay in his intellect. He was a powerful reasoner, and would have converted any one that would have had the patience to hear him out; but, fortunately for the cause of monarchy, no such person could be found, for in proportion to the irresistibility of his argument was the interminability of his eloquence, and his logic was always conclusive, but never concluded. He was a regular attendant at all the debating societies within his reach, and as regular an annoyance, till that most wise and salutary law was generally adopted, which limits each speaker to a given number of minutes. The aspect of Citizen Snubbs was not otherwise remarkable, than that he wore a neat little curled brown wig, and a pair of green spectacles, and his head was round, and his face was round, and his shoulders were

round: he never looked round when he spoke, but kept his eye constantly fixed on the chairman. The above described citizen thus spoke:

"Mr. President! As you have announced from the chair that the subject for our discussion on the present occasion is, 'What form of government is best calculated to secure the liberties, and promote the happiness of a great and enlightened nation?' I will take the liberty of addressing you very briefly, and in as few words as possible, concerning the views and opinions, which, from a very considerable and deep reflection and meditation, I have been led to adopt on this very momentous and interesting subject. For it is a subject, Sir, in which every body is interested and concerned, forasmuch as every body in civilized society is either governed, or governing: and it is a duty which every one owes to himself and to society, to make himself fully acquainted with all the principles of government, and to ascertain on what foundation those principles rest. Indeed if we do not take pains

to examine the subject in all its bearings and ramifications, and to trace it in all its wanderings, and, if I may speak figuratively, in all its meanderings and serpentine undulations, we may be most easily deceived and imposed upon, and our liberties may be surreptitiously wrested out of our hands by violence, fraud, or deceit. Have we not invariably and uniformly found, generally speaking, that those people and nations are most grossly oppressed where the science of government is least understood, and least frequently discussed? Look, Sir, at Turkey, look at Morocco, look at China. These people have not the slightest notion of the grounds of government; they know nothing of the social compact, which is the great basis of civil society. It would be a labour worthy of a citizen of the world to translate the writings of Algernon Sydney and John Milton into the Chinese language. But, to return from this digression, and to advert more especially and particularly to the subject at present under discussion, the question

now before us is, what form of government is best? or to that effect, for I forget the precise form in which you put the question; that, however, is the meaning of it. Now, Sir, there are seven or eight preliminary considerations to be gone over, before we can fully and accurately enter into the subject."

We will venture to decide for our readers, that they are by no means desirous of reading these seven or eight preliminary considerations, and even if they are desirous of it, they cannot be indulged, inasmuch as these seven or eight preliminary considerations were not uttered by him who threatened them. The citizens assembled at the Pig's Foot and Pie-crust dreaded the preliminary considerations, and, therefore, did they express manifold signs of impatience, so that the indefatigable orator was compelled to terminate more abruptly than suited his inclination or intentions. There was considerable confusion, and much obstinacy on both sides, and many appeals to Mister President. These appeals at

length produced Mister President's decision, which recommended Mr. Snubbs to yield to the sense of the meeting, and to reserve further remarks for a reply. Mr. Snubbs acquiesced.

Our reporter could not catch the name of the speaker who succeeded. He differed very widely from Mr. Snubbs in appearance and manner. He was tall and thin, with a long hatchet face, and sharp twinkling eyes, with a few short bristling hairs upon his head, like quills on the "fretful porcupine." When he rose to speak, he looked so fierce that the audience seemed resigned to undergo whatever length of eloquence he might choose to inflict upon them. He did not wear the aspect of one who seeks with winning eloquence to persuade, or by potent arguments to convince. He rather seemed to look defiance to all opponents, and to carry on his countenance an anticipated sneer of contempt for all who might be by nature so unfortunately stupid as to differ from him.

"I differ in toto, Mr. President, from the

opinions which the last speaker was about to express. There is no necessity for any preliminary considerations: it is as clear as day-light that the best system of government is that, which is most according to nature; now nature has formed us equal, and that system must be bad which introduces, sanctions, or establishes inequality. I know nothing about rank. One man is as good as another: and one man has the same rights as another, and any man who gives up his rights is a poltroon and a coward. There is no form of government which can be called rational, except a purely republican form: I say, a purely republican form. I don't mean a republic where a few overgrown wealthy men have all the power in their own hands, but a republic where every individual has a real as well as a nominal voice: any thing short of this is tyranny. I pity the understanding which requires elaborate arguments to prove this point."

This last sentence convinced the meeting at once. A loud and lavish expenditure of applause

was the natural result of so much eloquence, and so much wisdom. Our reporter could not help regretting that so valuable a band of patriots as were assembled that evening in Shoe-lane, should be altogether lost to their country; seeing that, under their auspices, the nation would have flourished so much more, and that all the civilized world would have derived incalculable benefit from such an administration of affairs.

Feeling the impulse of this eloquence, and eager to partake of similar applause, a number of the company were beginning to speak at once, and such was their enthusiasm, that they were beyond the reach of the president's gentle call of "order." One, however, rather louder than the rest, made himself so far heard as to convey to the meeting a proposition to change the subject of discussion. "Fellow-citizens!" he exclaimed, "there is no farther need of debating about the best form of government, every fool knows that; let us direct our attention to the readiest means of establishing that form of

government in our own country. Patriotism does not consist of words but actions."

A murmur of mingled applause and disapprobation followed this proposal. Mr. North felt himself somewhat alarmed at language which savoured so strongly of sedition. The meeting now became more tumultuous, and confusion was the order of the day. Presently it was observed that the lights were gradually disappearing, and that the number of the company was increased. In this stage of the business it seemed eligible to the president to dissolve the meeting and retire. The meeting, however, would not be dissolved, and the president found it no easy matter to quit his post. He now perceived that he was not entirely surrounded with pure republicans and disinterested patriots. He had the honor to be in company with divers public officers, and as he entertained no favourable sentiments towards these gentlemen, and did not desire to try whether his sentiments might improve on further ac-

quaintance, he felt still more anxious to depart from the confusion and noise of the apartment. Two modes of retiring presented themselves to our hero's anxious mind: viz. the door and the window. Two difficulties presented themselves at the same time: viz. how to get at the door, and how to get from the window.

With that promptness of decision, which danger alone can inspire, the patriot made towards the window, and to his very agreeable surprise, found that to descend from thence to the street, was no great difficulty. As soon as he felt himself on firm ground, regardless of the dignity of a philosopher and a regenerator of Europe, he ran with most ungainly celerity till he had cleared Temple-bar. Then he paused to take breath, and to commune with himself touching the steps which he should take to keep himself out of the hands of his enemies. He had good hopes that his own residence was unknown to them, and all that they were in possession of was his name, and, perhaps, a slight recollection of his person.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thou can'st not say I did it.
SHAKSPEARE.

As soon as Mr. North reached his home, his first care was to change his disordered raiment, which had suffered no slight inconvenience in his scrambling out of window, and in his post-haste run through Shoe-lane and Fleet-street. His next movement was to call on his old friend Turnstile, in order to consult what was best to be done in this emergency: for he was fully convinced that the interruption of the meeting was not accidental, and he began to fear that some traitors to the sacred cause of liberty, lurked under the aspect of zealots. He could not other-

wise account for the intemperance and folly of the last speaker, who had boldly and loudly recommended to proceed to action. For though our worthy patriot had very exalted notions of the efficacy of mind and of the power of truth, he was not so far gone in absurdity as to imagine that any political regeneration or great revolution could be effected by means of a little band of citizens, like that over which he had been just presiding as chairman: sanguine as he might be in his expectations of great benefit to be derived from free unfettered discussion, he did not think that the physical force there assembled was quite equal to the task of changing the form of government. When, therefore, he heard a proposal to apply themselves to immediate measures, in order to attain the best form of government, he very naturally concluded that such proposal could only come from a concealed enemy; and when at that moment the meeting was interrupted by the entrance of public officers, he was well assured that there had been some treachery.

On his arrival at Mr. Turnstile's house, he found that the gentleman was not at home, but engaged at a party at Lord Slender's. Late as it was, near midnight, which in former days was very late, the terrified and perplexed patriot, betook himself to the house of his noble friend, where he found a large party assembled, most of whom were strangers to him. He soon descried his friend Turnstile engaged at the same card table with Lord Slender. Not willing to manifest any tokens of agitation, so as to draw the attention of the rest of the company, he merely contented himself with just catching the eye of his two friends, and receiving an acknowledgment of recognition. He then took his station by the table, in the attitude of a listless lounger.

The game was soon finished, and supper was announced. In the movement which followed this announcement, Mr. North contrived to let Mr. Turnstile know the danger to which he had been exposed, and the appre-

hensions under which he now laboured, and concluded by asking his advice as to the safest mode of proceeding.

"My good friend," said Turnstile, "I am sadly afraid you have got yourself into a very awkward situation. But what officers were they who interrupted you? If they were only some of the city constables, they can know nothing about you, and after all they will not think of coming here after you."

"There were traitors I fear in our own party. The interruption was premeditated, and there was an obvious intention of converting the assembly into a seditious meeting."

"Well, well, say no more about it now: I will go home with you after supper, and we will consult what is best to be done. In the meantime make yourself easy."

The last piece of advice was very good, and because it is so good it is often administered; its only defect is, that it can never be taken. Mr. North could not make himself easy; and

what is more, Mr. North thought that he had made himself very ridiculous; and when that feeling assailed him, as it occasionally did, he was always extremely annoyed. As he sat at table he was absent and full of thought, and every movement seemed full of danger.

So completely was our hero absorbed in political apprehensions, that he did not even notice Louisa Slender, who at another time would have been the centre of his attentions and politeness. It might, indeed, be rather fortunate for the patriot, that his concern was at this time most powerfully concentrated in himself; otherwise he might have felt some slight pangs of jealousy. For seated next to the lady now named, was an accomplished and gallant cavalier, whose attentions were unremitting and apparently most acceptable. These two laughed loud and talked loud, and seemed mightily pleased with their own and each other's wit. In the young gentleman was an air of courtly ease, and a look of confidence and self-

satisfaction. He appeared like one who had been accustomed to receive homage, and whose ordinary habit was that of condescension. His look was patronizing. By degrees his attention became more divided, and every now and then he vouchsafed a move of recognition to one or another of the company. When Lord Slender caught the stranger's eye, there was a mutual bowing and smiling.

"You have joined our party rather late this evening," said his lordship; "I suppose when parliament meets we shall have still less of your good company."

"You have already less of it than I could wish." His lordship bowed again. The words had scarcely been uttered, when a confused noise was heard in the hall, and a calling out for Lord Vellum. With a polite bow to Louisa, and an important bow to Lord Slender, the accomplished visitor retired.

"Is that Lord Vellum?" said Mr. North, to his friend Turnstile; "is not he one—" Mr. North was interrupted and prevented from

finishing his interrogation by a movement of part of the company, and Mr. Turnstile among the rest, who were crowding round a person, who had entered the room almost at the moment that Lord Vellum had left it, and was horrifying his hearers with an account of a most dreadful conspiracy and rebellion in the city. He had received his information from the best authority, and indeed had accompanied the gentleman, who had been sent to request Lord Vellum's immediate attendance at the Home Office.

Mr. North was thunderstruck, and his teeth chattered, and he began to think of Algernon Sidney, and Lord Russell, and Pym, and Hampden, and Tower Hill, and Louisa Slender; and of the sweetly persuasive tones in which his gentle and affectionate child had endeavoured to withdraw his attention from the turbulence of politics; and his eyes wandered, and his colour, or rather all manner of colours, kept coming and going; and had he not been whispered and hinted into something like self-possession by his

friend Turnstile, he would have made a second excursion through a window; but was kept calm by his very fears.

"But stay," said Lord Slender, "stay, let us hear all the particulars of this conspiracy and rebellion. Are they actually in arms in the city?"

"I cannot speak positively, my lord; and, indeed, I am not sure that I am at liberty to mention all I know in this early stage of the business; but the conspiracy is fully detected, and twenty or thirty of the ringleaders are secured, and will be examined this very night, or rather morning, before the privy council."

"If the conspiracy be detected, there can be no danger in telling what you have heard; you have no official responsibility."

"True, my lord, and most likely the whole account will be in the morning papers. The fact then is, that as early as twelve o'clock at noon, information was received at the Secretary of State's Office, that the plot, of which government had been long aware, was likely to

come to a speedy crisis, and that a grand meeting of the chiefs of the conspirators was to be held at a tavern in the city; I forget the name of it."

"Perhaps the London Tavern."

"Oh no! not that, I am sure—I believe it was the King's Head, it sounded very much like that. I am certain that was the name. At the King's Head Tavern there was to be a meeting held in the evening, at nine o'clock. Their object was, in the first instance, to secure the Tower, then to take possession of the Bank, and then to march up to St. James's, to secure the person of the king, and to proclaim a republican government; and to compel the king to abdicate the throne."

To all this, Citizen North did mentally plead not guilty. What a blessing it is to have a good conscience. But at the hearing of this terrible plot, the company were most dreadfully alarmed, and they gathered round the narrator with additional eagerness, as if desirous of hearing

something yet more horrible. For so powerful is the love of excitement in the human breast, that mankind are no sooner astounded by some awful calamity, than they wish to have it yet more intensely awful. The narrator then proceeded to tell my Lord Slender and his party, that, in consequence of the information received at the Home Office, measures were taken for nipping in the bud this most desperate conspiracy. The guards were doubled at the Bank, and twenty rounds of ball cartridge were served out to them. The Tower was nearly filled with armed soldiery, and two or three troops of cavalry were ordered to keep possession of St. James's Park, and watch all the avenues of the palace. In the meantime, a select and powerful party of police officers were sent off to the city, to the King's Head Tavern, in order to secure the ringleaders of the conspiracy.

"Now that," exclaimed my Lord Slender, "is what I call acting with vigour and deci-

sion. And so you say, that twenty or thirty of these traitors are already secured?"

"Exactly so, my Lord: and it is to be hoped, that if a prompt example is made of them, the spirit of rebellion will be effectually subdued."

"Ay, ay," said Lord Slender; "there is nothing so good as seizing the ringleaders, they do all the mischief; the people would be quiet enough, if there was nobody to lead them on to insurrection and rebellion."

"But I am sorry to say, my lord, that the chief conspirator has escaped, or, at all events, is not yet taken—for he cannot evade the vigilance of the officers."

"Who was he? what is his name?"

"His name is not mentioned; but, I understand, he is a man of high rank, and of great influence."

"But how did he escape? Why did not they seize him first?"

"It is said, my lord, that he escaped by clambering up a chimney, and so got away by the roofs of the adjoining houses; but it is thought that he may be yet concealed in some garret or cellar in the neighbourhood, and a vigilant search is now making for him."

"Well, the vigour of government, and its vigilance, is truly astonishing. How can they become acquainted so minutely with all the plots and plans of conspirators?"

"They have an eye on suspicious characters, my lord; and there is always to be found some one or other of the conspirators, who will, for a consideration, give ample intelligence."

"But is there not some danger," interrupted Louisa, "that these informers may, for a consideration, occasionally invent, magnify, or make a plot?"

To this remark the narrator looked a look, and smiled a smile of incredulity; he was quite astonished that any one should, for a moment, imagine, that any consideration whatever should

lead a traitor to act treacherously to his employers

None of the company seconded the suspicion, for it would have been a pity to spoil such a beautifully horrible conspiracy, by any suspicion that there could be exaggeration or falsehood in any part of the story. So they all agreed to be most heartily frightened; many of them, indeed, seemed listening for the report of musketry, and they had doubts as to the expediency of trusting their elegant selves to the dangers of the public streets. But when, listening, they heard only the voice of the watchman, drawling out the hour, and announcing his atmospherical intelligence; and when the rattling of coach-wheels gave signal that all was well without, the visitors began to depart, quite as much delighted with the intelligence of the conspiracy as with any part of the evening's entertainment. Just as Mr. Turnstile's carriage was announced, and Mr. North and he were moving towards the door, the gentleman who had brought intelligence of the

conspiracy, recollected that he had omitted one important part of the information, of which he was in possession, and that was the fact, that when the chief conspirator was scrambling up the chimney, he dropt from his hand, or pocket, an important paper or document, by which the whole scheme of the conspiracy was brought to light, and by which conviction could be fastened on the arch traitor.

Now, when Mr. North heard this piece of intelligence, his mind was considerably at ease: for he was very sure that he had not been in possession of any paper or papers containing seditious matters. He had in the course of the narration, had his doubts as to the verity of his implication in the grand conspiracy. He was conscious that his party had no more intention of taking possession of the Bank and Tower, than they had of setting the Thames on fire: and he thought it impossible that any one could mistake the Pig's Foot for the King's Head; and then, again, how could any body mistake the

window for the chimney! He concluded, therefore, that he had been needlessly alarmed, and took it for granted that there was really some conspiracy, and that the officers, or some part of them, might have been misled as to the place of assembling, or that some evil-disposed persons had maliciously interrupted the meeting of the friends to reform, and that he himself had been rather too soon frightened. With this thought he composed himself.

When they were seated in the carriage, his friend Turnstile began to expostulate with the patriot on the folly and danger of engaging in such desperate enterprizes. "There, North, now you see into what difficulties you have been drawn by not taking the advice which I gave you. I was sure that your schemes could never succeed, and that they would be good for nothing, if they did succeed. How is it that you have so soon formed this extensive plan, for you seem to me to be the leader?"

"I assure you, my good friend, that you are

in a great error, if you fancy that I am the leader of this conspiracy, or indeed that I am at all engaged in it."

"Why, did not you come trembling in to Lord Slender's, and tell me all about it with your own lips?"

"I certainly told you that I had been strangely interrupted at a meeting, which had been called for political discussion; and I did also, at first, imagine that this was the meeting which had been dispersed by the officers, and the leaders of which were apprehended: but when the informant went into the particulars, I was satisfied that he was speaking of an affair in which I am not implicated. When he mentioned so positively that the place of assembly was the King's Head, and that the chief of the conspirators escaped up the chimney, and that he was a man of high rank, and, lastly, that he dropt some seditious papers in his flight, I was convinced that I could not be the person, and, that mine was not the meeting alluded to. Besides, my friend,

you know that my principles do not admit of the use of violence, and to take possession of the Bank would be an act of absolute injustice, and would be depriving the rightful owners of their own undoubted property. I assure you that I am perfectly innocent of all this."

"You may be very innocent of any intention to seize the Bank or the Tower, and you may not have made your escape through the chimney, but I am still of opinion that you are the person, and that your's is the party in question. It is very easy, in a hurry, to mistake Pig's Foot for King's Head, and window for chimney."

"But what seditious paper could I let fall in making my escape? There I am quite sure that all parallel must cease."

"Oh! you might have dropped a letter out of your pocket, or a tailor's bill, or an invitation to a dinner party."

"But in such paper there might be no sedition or actual treason."

"There might not in so many words, but

there might be found or fancied some treasonable allusions. At all events you will do well to make preparation, and consult with your lawyer as soon as posssible, and prepare your defence."

The patriot smiled at Mr. Turnstile's fears, and by this time the carriage had reached Mr. North's abode, and there he alighted. His inquiries were all satisfactorily answered. His daughter had retired to rest at her usual hour, and no stranger had called since he left home. He was now convinced that all was safe.

CHAPTER XIV.

Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.
SHAKSPEARE.

On Mr. North's breakfast table lay a morning paper. When the patriot met his daughter at breakfast, and had told her of his visit on the preceding night to Lord Slender, but not of his flight through the window of the club-room at the Pig's Foot and Pie-crust, he opened the paper with great composure. His eye soon caught the intelligence announced under the inviting title "HORRIBLE CONSPIRACY." Under this inscription the patriot read as follows:

"It is our painful duty to communicate to the public the particulars of a most diabolical plot,

which, we have the happiness to say, has been discovered and destroyed. It may be in the recollection of some of our more discerning readers, that we threw out some hints of this nature, as far back as last January, though not in language sufficiently obvious to alarm the unthinking, yet plain enough to excite the vigilance of those most deeply concerned. We are happy to find that his majesty's ministers have had the wisdom to attend to our suggestions, and that we have been the humble instruments of saving our country from a revolution, similar to that which has deluged the fairest provinces of France with blood. This conspiracy had been going on for several months. In order to avoid detection, the conspirators had continually changed their place of meeting, always seeking some obscure public-house: and last night they held their meeting at a house in Shoe-lane."

"Shoe-lane!" silently echoed Mr. North. If any of our readers are critical enough to ask, what is meant by a silent echo, we will be candid

enough to tell them that we cannot tell them. Besides, it is very rude to interrupt a story by asking for explanations. Mr. North read on with somewhat less composure:

"Early yesterday morning information was received at the office of the Secretary of State for the home department, that a meeting of the conspirators would be held that very evening in Shoe-lane. A detachment of police officers was immediately ordered to be in readiness to hasten to the spot at the hour of meeting: and such was the vigilance of the officers, that not one of the conspirators would have escaped, had they not been rather too late and somewhat overpowered by numbers. As it was, however, two are in custody, and were examined last night before the privy council. Their names are John Nokes, a haberdasher's apprentice, and Thomas Styles, a knife grinder. Immediately after their examination, they were sent off to the Tower, under a powerful escort of the Guards. Nothing has yet transpired of the result of their

examination. John Nokes had on a green coat, with gilt sugar-loaf buttons, a black and yellow striped waistcoat, corduroy small-clothes, and speckled cotton stockings: he was apparently about seventeen years old, fair complexion, large dull grey eyes, very small mouth, snub nose, and a very vacant look. Thomas Styles appeared to be between seventy and eighty, very tall and round-shouldered, has but one eye, and no teeth: he was dressed in a short shabby blue coat, no waistcoat, and a pair of greasy velveteen small-clothes, blue worsted stockings, very much darned, and large patched shoes. They were taken to the Tower in separate carriages, and especial care was had, that they should hold no intercourse, either by words or signs. But the most important fact is, that a paper, or document, was picked up by the officers, and this document fell from the pocket of the chief conspirator, as he was making his escape through the window. In this paper, we understand, the whole scheme of the plot is fully

developed; and we hear that persons high in rank are deeply implicated. By the paper, which has been so fortunately picked up, it is to be hoped that most momentous and valuable discoveries will be made."

When Mr. North had finished reading the above, he was greatly surprised, and somewhat alarmed. He was as innocent of treason as any man living; but he recollected the fable, which represents the ass putting himself to a voluntary banishment, lest his long ears might be interpreted as horns; and the patriot was fearful, lest his own long-eared speeches on reform, might be construed into horns of sedition or treason. But the document, what could that be! He had no recollection of having had about his person any papers whatever. He concluded, of course, that this must be altogether a mistake, or that some one of the party might have carried with him some scheme, or outline of a parliamentary reform, and that this might have been left

behind. At all events he was most happy to find that his name was not mentioned, and he hoped, therefore, that it was unknown.

Very soon after breakfast was finished, and while the patriot was divided between saving the country and saving his own bacon, Mr. Turnstile was announced; the very worst man in the world at this momentous crisis: for he would only discuss the matter as a concern of prudence and a question of personal policy. He was one of those myriads whose conduct is a practical parody of an old saw; for, as the wise ones of a former generation have said, "If every one mends one, all will be mended," so do the knowing ones of the present, seem to think that if every one takes care of one, all will be taken care of.

"Well, Mr. North," began the prudent M. P. as soon as they were closeted together, "I suppose you have had the satisfaction of reading in the paper an account of your grand exploit of last

night. But, pray, how became you acquainted with those two enlightened and distinguished citizens, whom the civil power has so rudely seized?"

"I have no personal acquaintance with the men of whom you speak. But, why, Sir, should you apply to them, by way of sneer, the epithets distinguished and enlightened? It is true, by their arrest they may be distinguished, and why should they not be enlightened, notwithstanding the youth of the one and the mechanical employment of the other? You do wrong in forming your estimate of mind from adventitious and external circumstances. Had citizen Styles been the son of a peer——"

"He would not have been a knife-grinder," interrupted Mr. Turnstile, "nor a regenerator of Europe. But truce with cant; I have called on you to consult about your own safety. We live in ticklish times, and we must take care of ourselves. Now, what steps do you propose to

take? Do you intend to remain in London, or to make yourself scarce for awhile?"

"I do not think that it would be becoming and suitable, that I should desert the cause in the hour of danger."

"My dear fellow, the best way in the world to show that you love liberty, is to keep yourself out of prison. If you remain here you will certainly be arrested; and what then?"

"Then I shall bear my testimony to the great cause of liberty."

"Bear testimony to a fiddlestick. Why, what use will your talking be to the country?"

"Mr. Turnstile, you will make me angry, if you treat subjects of this nature with levity. True it is that my individual voice will not have much effect: but, if every one withheld his co-operation from public duty, on the ground of the insignificance of an individual, what a loss would thereby be sustained by society. One person can do but little, and that little it

is his duty to do: and for my own part, I am resolved to act conscientiously."

Having said this, Mr. North looked very grave, and Mr. Turnstile looked grave also; and, in a more serious tone than he had used before, he added—

"I assure you, my friend, that I have not the slightest wish or intention to lead you to trifle with what you think to be your duty; but, I would endeavour to convince you that self-preservation is as great a duty as any other, and that without first discharging that duty, you will not be able to discharge any other. Now, if you do not take care of yourself, you will, in all probability, be apprehended and brought to trial for sedition, and then probably be transported for fourteen years, or even for life; and what benefit will then accrue to the cause of liberty? I will tell you in true seriousness, you are labouring under a delusion; you are giving the multitude credit for many vir-

tues, and much intellect which they do not possess."

"My good friend, I thank you for your kind intentions towards myself, but I must differ from you in the opinion which I entertain on subjects of policy. I know that you have imbibed the common-place prejudice against what you are pleased to term the multitude—you see this multitude only at a distance, you regard it only in the gross, you do not take into consideration the elements of which it is composed."

"Well, well, we must not discuss these matters now, or you may be taken up and sent to prison before we have done. Now, will you let me persuade you to leave London immediately? The men who have been apprehended will, in all probability be discharged for want of evidence to prove any thing definite against them; they will pass as mere spectators, but you were in the chair, a speaker and a ringleader: against you there would be a more palpable charge, and in the minds of a jury a

stronger prejudice. But when the bustle is over about these prisoners, you will be no more thought of or sought after."

Mr. North had no great objection to personal security, but he did not altogether approve of owing his safety to his insignificance; he, therefore, re-kindled at the idea, and replied:—

"Very true, I may be thought of as a person beneath the notice of a prosecutor; but, contemptuously as the leading men in the government may think of me, they may hear from me some home truths, and some truths not most palatable or acceptable to courtly ears: and, methinks, if I stood before their tribunal I could utter that which would make them tremble amidst their fancied security. Truth is great and will prevail."

While this edifying discussion was going on, the disputants were not aware that steps were being taken for giving the patriot an opportunity of putting in force his threats against the powers that be. The name of North had tran-

spired. By some more gentle means than torture, it had been extracted from the communicative lips of Jedidiah Crack, landlord of the Pig's Foot and Pie-crust. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the chairman of the meeting; but some uncertainty as to the place of his abode had caused a delay in its execution.

Just as Mr. Turnstile was about to reply to his patriotic friend, the dialogue was interrupted by the announcement and the immediate entrance of the Honorable Charles Slender, who scarcely gave the servant time to close the door of the apartment, before he exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, Mr. North, be quick, you must accompany me this moment, the officers are after you, a warrant is out, and you cannot escape if you delay ten minutes longer."

There was something very powerful in this appeal. It was not so easy to resist this information, as it was to talk against Mr. Turnstile's arguments; and the terror of immediate arrest was much more moving than the distant contem-

plation of a public trial and a patriotic defence. Mr. North was not inclined to carry on the discussion, and he now submitted to be persuaded that the wisest step he could take, would be to retreat, at least, for a time from the great city, and occupy himself in profound meditations, rather than in deep plots. By the good offices and prompt interference of Charles Slender, the agitated patriot was soon conducted to a coach-office in the city, from whence he took his departure for Liverpool, under the assumed name of Mr. West.

In the mean time, Emma North, to whom her father's danger was as gently explained as possible, was removed to the house of Lord Slender, where, by the kind and unremitting attentions of Louisa, her mind was soothed, and she was led to regard her father's political vagaries with less apprehension of real danger or serious evil.

CHAPTER XV.

He little thought, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

COWPER.

As we leave Miss North in very good company, and in perfect safety, we trust our readers, notwithstanding their gallantry, and the superior interest which they take in the fair sex, will not reluctantly attend us in pursuing the course of the patriot: for on the fate of patriots what great events depend, and on their destiny what momentous concerns do hang! We have always thought it a great defect, or rather redundancy in Mr. Addison's tragedy of Cato, that he diverts our attention from the patriot, to entertain us with a love-tale, and a scene or two

of touching tenderness: and somehow or other, it so happens that this tenderness is not very touching, and the whole play grows grievously flat, although "the virtuous Marcia towers above her sex." The plain fact, is that our sympathy with a dying patriot is so different from our sympathy with a love-sick swain, or a sentimental damsel, that the emotions are mutually destructive of each other. So then, although Mr. Addison has depicted both emotions with such exquisite pathos, and so very unartificially, inasmuch as that one is by itself enough to break our hearts; yet when they both come together in one short drama, they destroy the effect they would have produced singly; and those matters, which would have made two very touching plays, now make one, which is untouching and untouched. Far, however, very far be it from our thoughts or wishes to insinuate by these expressions, that it is our intention to leave Miss North totally unprovided with any means or materials of sympathy and ten-

derness. We are not writing a drama which must be grasped by one effort of mind, but a narrative through which the reader may advance with consideration and coolness; but we are cautious of so arranging its parts, as that the pathos of sentiment should unduly interfere with the emotions of patriotism. Our patriot, too, is superior to Cato; for the Roman only died for his country, and then he could be of no farther use; but Mr. North took care to live for his country, and was very much at her service when needed: so that this superiority in the patriot's character, can spare room for a little leaven of tenderness and love. And after all, what if the patriot himself should be affected with the tender passion; it is not impossible. By the way, what a pity it is, that Mr. Addison did not make Cato himself fall in love: that would have increased the interest of his play very considerably. But to proceed.

At two o'clock, P. M. Mr. North, alias Mr. West, took his seat in what was then called the

Liverpool post-coach. It was well for him that Charles Slender had secured him a place in good time, for he was the last of six who filled the inside. His fellow-travellers were three elderly ladies, and two elderly gentlemen, all of whom did most graciously interchange salutations with the patriot. One of the gentlemen had somewhat the look of a clergyman, and the other might pass for a Liverpool merchant. The ladies seemed to be strangers to one another, and to the rest of the company; they did not, however, appear unsociably disposed, for they looked one at another, and then at the gentlemen, and then out of the coach window, as if for something to talk about. When they arrived at Islington, one of them said, "It is a cool afternoon," and another said, "Very," and the third pulled up one of the windows.

Then the gentleman in brown, who looked like a merchant, said to the gentleman in black, who looked like a clergyman, "Have you heard of the plot?"

"Plot! what plot?" said the other; and so said also all at once the three ladies.

"You don't say so," continued one of the ladies; "when and where? and is it discovered? La me! all that comes of liberty and nonsense; well for my part, I wish there had never been such a thing thought of as liberty. But, pray, Sir, can you tell us any thing about the plot? Was it to blow up the king and parliament house?"

"Yes, Madam," said the gentleman in brown —"I have it here all in black and white."

Thereupon he drew from his pocket a morning paper, and as he unfolded the paper the ladies kept uttering exclamations, "Shocking! Horrible! Dreadful! Terrible!" And they looked as if they expected that they should be all blown up as soon as the paper was fairly unfolded. It was sometime before the communicative gentleman could so arrange the paper as to be able to read it aloud; for the

road from Islington to Highgate was in most miserable plight thirty years ago.

At length, as the stage slowly climbed the hill of Highgate, the merchant, for so we must call him for brevity's sake, began to read the delightfully terrible news, which was interesting to all the company, and especially to Mr. North. In his reading he received divers interruptions; the ladies exclaimed, and protested, and vowed that they had never heard the like, for it was exactly like *Guy Fox*. There were also interruptions from ruts and stones, and from a tickling in the throat, which, the old gentleman said, he was always troubled with when he read aloud. Finding that this irritation in the throat rather increased than abated, he turned round to Mr. North, and said, "Perhaps this gentleman will have the goodness to read it for me?" The patriot bowed, and was going to say, "With pleasure." He only said, "By all means, Sir." And forthwith he proceeded to read.

The coach had by this time reached the summit of the hill, and due refreshment had been administered by the coachman to himself and his horses. As Mr. North proceeded in his reading, which was now not easily heard, on account of the increased noise of the coach, from its more rapid progress, he perceived that he had possession, not of the paper which had graced his own breakfast table, but of a second edition of a ministerial or government paper, in which was a description of the person, and a reward offered for the apprehension, of Stephen Bardolph North. Now, it did appear quite superfluous to read aloud to his company, a description of a person whom they had before them. Holding, therefore, his head and the paper, nearer to the window, as if for the purpose of gaining more light, he very cleverly contrived to let the paper fall into the road.

"Bless me," said the patriot, "how unfortunate! shall I stop the coach?"

"What's the matter?" said the merchant, who was half asleep.

"I have had the misfortune to drop your paper, Sir: shall I call the coachman?"

The merchant immediately put his head out at the coach window, and was attempting at the highest pitch of his voice to say "coachman," but he could only say "coach," and that very feebly, for the tickling in his throat came on again, and he began to cough so intemperately, that Mr. North, in his concern for the poor old gentleman, forgot to second his cry for the coach to stop, and before the fit of coughing was quite over, and the patient restored to the calm use of his organs of speech and respiration, the coach was far past the spot where the paper had fallen. Mr. North had nothing to do but to apologize, and the merchant had nothing to do but to accept his apologies, and to beg that no more might be said about it.

"For I believe," continued he, "that you had read all that was material, except, perhaps,

the description of the person of one of the principal conspirators; and that does not much signify, for we are not likely to meet with him on our journey."

"What reward was offered for his apprehension?" said the clergyman.

"Two hundred pounds," replied the merchant, "if I recollect rightly."

"Is his name mentioned in the advertisement, or only some alias."

"Oh his name is at full length.—I forget his christian name, but his surname is North."

"North, North!" said the man in black, whom we call the clergyman, "I should know that name. Was not there one of that name who put up for Truckleborough at the last general election? Yes, yes, I am sure there was, I heard a good deal about him from my brother Dr. Mufflechops, who is rector of Truckleborough."

"Have you a relation at Truckleborough,

Sir? so have I; my cousin Doolittle is mayor there this very year."

"Indeed, what are you the celebrated Ezekiel Doolittle, the Liverpool merchant?"

"The same, Sir, at your service; and you, I presume, are rector of Old Newton. Well, it is singular that we should have met thus. Very singular," continued the merchant, turning to Mr. North, "to meet in a stage-coach an old acquaintance, whom I have not seen for years: and both of us to have relations at Truckleborough; very odd, indeed, very odd."

"Very odd, indeed," replied Mr. North.

"Yes, Sir," pursued the merchant, "it does sometimes happen that there are singular meetings in stage-coaches."

So thought Mr. North; and as there had been singularity enough in the recognitions already made, he did not desire to increase the singularity by any farther discoveries.

"Are you at all acquainted with Truckle-

borough, Sir ?" said the merchant to the patriot. Mr. North was preparing an answer, when the speaker went on without waiting for it.

" I have not been there for many years. But my cousin, who is a most excellent correspondent, writes me all the news he can collect. He gave me a very humorous account of the last election. He quite enjoyed the joke of the contest. He says that there is a fellow named Jackson, who fleeced that poor simpleton North in fine style. I wonder it never occurred to me at the moment I read the account of the conspiracy, that the North there mentioned could be no other than the crack-brained reformer of Truckleborough, and liberator of Europe, as they call him. Ay, ay, they call him a fool, but I will venture to say, that they who hang him for a fool will find a knave in the halter."

This last sentence being witty, and the utterer thereof being a man of substance, he forthwith began laughing at it, and the clergyman laughed, and the three old ladies laughed, and Mr. North,

laughed; but he did not laugh so loud as the others: for he was not quite at his ease. It is not very pleasant to have compliments paid one in one's own hearing, and not have the liberty of replying to them in terms of suitable humility and acknowledgment.

Very many other facetious remarks were uttered by the merchant, and echoed by the clergyman, and smiled at by the ladies, and almost grinned at by Mr. North; for he, poor man, began to be rather impatient, and to wish himself elsewhere, any where out of the hearing of these observations, which he might not very properly receive, and which might, by some accident, lead to a discovery.

Just as it was growing dusk, it occurred to the merchant's memory, that he need not regret the loss of the paper as concerned the person of Mr. North. "For," said he, "my worthy cousin has given me a very particular description of him in one of his late letters. I think I have the letter in my pocket-book, but it is hardly

light enough now to see to read it. I will shew it you when we stop to supper."

Oh! for a highwayman, thought Mr. North, to rob this chatterbox of his pocket-book; but no highwayman came, and that was unfortunate. The patriot's next thought was to withdraw from the company, under pretence of having no appetite for supper, when the coach should stop, and then to make his way on foot, as well as he could, across the country to some village, and there to rest, till he could hear from his friends in London: but there was danger even in this scheme. He might be met and stopped, and plundered by robbers. He remained in doubt and indecision, and he began to wish that Europe could liberate itself without his assistance.

At Redburn, the coach stopped, and the passengers alighted, and Mr. North loudly called out to the coachman to see that his portmanteau was safe—and the coachman said, "What

name, Sir?" And Mr. North said, "Mr. West." This was said for the information of his fellow-travellers, and they heard it. Still the patriot rather dreaded the light of candles, and the reading of Mr. Doolittle's facetious letter. He, therefore, sauntered about in front of the inn for several minutes, meditating an actual flight; but as there were several idle people loitering about, and as he was in traveller's attire, he fancied himself observed, and he knew that he should be recognized by the multitude as a coach passenger. He came nearer to the inn door, and a smart-looking waiter greeted him, and said, that the inside passengers were just sitting down to supper, if he would join them. He put a good face on the matter, and walked into the room. Mr. Doolittle was carving a hot shoulder of mutton.

"Well, Sir," said the active merchant, "will you take your seat with us? we sent the waiter to tell you supper was ready."

"I thank you, Sir," said the patriot: "but is it not rather early for supper? Is not this St. Albans?"

"St. Albans, my good Sir, what are you dreaming about? Why we are at Redburn, and it is now just eleven minutes past nine by the Horse-guards."

"Are the Horse-guards at Redburn?" said Mr. North, not exactly knowing what he said, nor at all aware, that the clock at the Horse-guards has so extensive a reputation for accuracy, that persons who reside as far from the metropolis as Liverpool, are especially careful to set their watches by that unerring regulator, and would even spoil a dinner, rather than acknowledge that their own watches had not kept time with the Horse-guards.

Thereupon, the merchant laughed out, and the clergyman joined him, and an explanation was given, which made the patriot laugh at his own blunder: for he began to be afraid, lest

a troop of horse had been sent to apprehend him.

While he was sitting at supper, the clergyman, who was placed immediately opposite to him, after looking attentively at him for a few moments, said,

" Have not I had the pleasure of seeing you before, Sir ?"

Mr. North now took it for granted that the letter had been read while he was loitering in the street, and gave himself up for lost. Assuming, however, as much courage as he could muster, he deliberately replied, " I am not aware, Sir, of having had the honour of meeting you before."

" I think, Sir, your name is West ?"

" It is so," said the patriot, hating himself for the lie while he uttered it, but relieved to find that his fears were not realized.

" I believe you reside at Liverpool, or did some few years ago ?"

"No, Sir," replied the man of patriotic sentiment, "I am quite a stranger to Liverpool. My native place is London."

"Then your christian name is not Charles?"

"It is not," replied Mr. North. And then, after a due allowance of "beg pardon," and "no offence," the conversation dropped. The supper was soon ended, and the party resumed their places, and continued their journey. During the night, they were silent; some in sleep, and some in meditation. A new day brought a new topic of conversation; the conspiracy was forgotten, and our hero was tolerably well at ease. In the silence of night, he had time to meditate and digest his plans for safety. For though he had the spirit of a martyr, and was prepared to meet all extremities to gain his object of reforming the governments of Europe and especially that of England, which, as being his own country, and not governed by him, he thought the worst governed of all: yet as he was now on the scent of safety, and had begun, by

friends' persuasion, to look after himself, he did not feel very willing to change his scheme, and he felt less willing to have it changed for him. Besides all this, he had a little tincture of aristocratic feeling about him. He did not quite relish the notion of being fellow-sufferer, and co-martyr with a knife-grinder, and a haberdasher's apprentice boy. He had much higher notions of the dignity of martyrdom. He began now to reprove himself for having stooped so low, and he began also to think that he had gone rather too far: and he thought again, that even if a reform was obtained, it would not be prudent to extend the suffrage quite to that latitude for which he had once contended. Then he recollected, as well as he could, the miscellaneous group with which he had been surrounded at the pot-house in Shoe-lane, and he thought that some of them did not seem to be the best qualified for legislators; and then he went on to think, that it was not desirable that all should legislate, and that a country

like England wanted and required other materials for its composition and consistency, than senators and orators.

These, and many such thoughts, passed through the mind of Mr. North, as he travelled by night in the Liverpool post-coach. And, now we think of it, we cannot avoid informing our readers of a fact, with which some of them may not be most intimately acquainted, we mean the usefulness of thinking now and then. We live in an age in which the passion for utility is very strong. Steam-engines, and rail-roads, and all the practical paraphernalia of civilized society, are lauded into objects of the first-rate importance. We are all for the visible, and the tangible, and the edible, and the wearable, and we think production the only object for which we were produced. But thinking is also useful: not prating about other men's fancies, but evolving the considerations of our own minds, and endeavouring, just by way of experiment, to ascertain if we know the meaning of ninety-nine words in a hundred,

which we use every hour, and to see if we can at all define or comprehend, what we would have, and what we are using all our diligence to obtain.

CHAPTER XVI.

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable.

CONGREVE.

THE Liverpool post-coach, conveyed Citizen North and his fellow-travellers very safely to Litchfield. No highwayman made his appearance to frighten the ladies, or to rob the gentlemen; and Ezekiel Doolittle carried his pocket-book still in his pocket, and kept the dangerous letter unread, or at least uncommunicated.

As the coach drew near to the city, the venerable cathedral caught the eye and warmed the heart of the reverend divine, and he now, for the first time, announced to his fellow-travellers the painful intelligence, that the city of Litchfield

was the limit of his journey. Mr. North felt glad to get rid of one of the two dreaded ones, and hoped that the subject of the conspiracy might not be renewed, and that the letter would rest unread in the merchant's pocket-book. But fate would have it otherwise.

As soon as the clergyman announced his design of leaving his good company, the promise which the merchant had made, again occurred to his mind.

"Well, but you shall see my cousin Abraham's letter, describing the person and manners of this queer democrat North. I had quite forgot it when we stopped to breakfast this morning."

Thus speaking, the active merchant drew forth, with much care and many important looks, his dreaded pocket-book, and a very awful looking book it was. It was large enough for a ledger, and loaded to its utmost capacity with papers of the greatest importance. Its owner looked first in one division, and then in another, and he took out a letter, and said—"Stay, this is not it, this

is Sir Simon Crump's—and this is from my correspondent in Barbadoes—and this—oh—yes—no—yes, this is it."

He handed the letter to the reverend gentleman, who forthwith began to search his pockets for his spectacles, and soon found them, and began to wipe them. The coach at this critical point stopped at the door of the Swan inn. The party alighted, and the clergyman, with the letter in his hand, followed the merchant into the house. Mr. North also by instinct kept with the party; but when he saw his two fellow-travellers amusing themselves over this letter, he thought perhaps it might not be advisable to remain in the room, to give them opportunity of comparing the original with the copy, for he recollected the proverb that says, "Comparisons are odious." Therefore he withdrew, and walked into the street, as if to look about him, and see what kind of a place he was passing through. He looked up the street and down the street, and after some little hesitation he walked towards the

Cathedral, and as the doors were open he went in. He was struck with the magnificence of the building, and he listened with some delight to the tones of the organ. But though his senses cheated him for a moment into admiration, he soon recollected himself, and, like a Westminster Reviewer, he could not help thinking that this cathedral was of no use. He endeavoured to make a calculation of the number of useful and substantial dwelling-houses, or cotton factories, which might have been built for the same money; and thought that Bishop Hackett was very foolish to collect and expend twenty thousand pounds on repairing a useless fabric like this. From this speculation his mind took a start, and wandered as usual over all kinds of public abuses and political absurdities, and he had just come to the very natural and sagacious conclusion, that every thing had been going wrong for the last six thousand years, and that no one but himself had wisdom and virtue enough to rectify the world, when the

striking of a clock reminded him that time had not been standing still, though Mr. North had, and a suggestion was brought to his mind, that the passengers had finished their dinner, and that the coach was pursuing its journey. This suggestion received strength from a sound of rattling wheels, and the blasts of a horn, which the trusty guard had indeed been blowing for some time, as a hint to the strolling traveller. The hint, however, was not understood, and the coach was gone.

On this our hero meditated for a moment or two what steps he should next take for safety. He was not sorry to slip away from the troublesome Ezekiel Doolittle, and he was not best pleased at being left in a place where the brother of his Truckleborough rector was tabernacling: especially when he considered, that this gentleman had received from his fellow-traveller a full, true, and particular account of his person. He determined to leave the precincts of the cathedral as quickly as possible, and resolved to take

up his abode at some humble public-house in the city.

As he was moving away from the cathedral for that purpose, he saw at a little distance a large black waistcoat and a large white wig, and a pair of short thick legs, and a pair of broad silver shoe-buckles, and a few more items, which made up the complex idea of the Rev. Dr. Mufflechops, rector of Truckleborough.

Now Mr. North was by no means deficient in politeness, and was not at all addicted to the silly practice of cutting his acquaintance; but on the present occasion he thought it most prudent to pass by the said gentleman without seeing him, or to give him the cut indirect. To pass Dr. Mufflechops without seeing him was too broad a joke for any one but a philosopher. The doctor, however, who, by virtue of his office, had an especial regard for the duties of morality, took care that the patriot should not have an opportunity of telling such a practical falsehood.

Ever since the election at Truckleborough,

the doctor had regarded Mr. North with less abhorrence, inasmuch as he looked upon him with less dread; and in proportion as he became in the sight of the rector less dangerous, he was considered as any other gentleman of independent fortune. His opinions, of course, the clergyman reprobated, but he had no personal quarrel with him, and so he could address him, especially at a distance from home, with tolerable freedom. Seeing Mr. North, therefore, in a strange place, he advanced towards him with most gracious condescension, and claimed his acquaintance.

"Ah! Mr. North, I am happy to see you at Litchfield. Are you making a stay here? Perhaps you will favour me with your company while you stay?"

"I thank you, doctor, but my stay is very short, I am merely passing through."

"Then you have no acquaintance here, I presume?"

"None, Sir, I am merely on an excursion of

pleasure, and I have been amusing myself with looking at the cathedral."

"Then I must insist upon it, that you will let me introduce you to my brother, whom I expect from London this very day. He will be glad to see a parishioner of mine. I am now going to his house, and by this time the coach is come in."

Mr. North knew that the coach was come in, and that it was gone out, and that the brother of Dr. Mufflechops had travelled by it. So knowing more than the doctor knew, and more than the doctor suspected, as touching his political pranks at the Pig's Foot and Pie-crust, he thought it expedient to decline these proffered civilities, which he did with the most polite acknowledgments of the doctor's kindness, and the most earnest protestations that his arrangements rendered it absolutely impossible for him to stay long in the city.

The doctor and the patriot parted with much politeness, and many compliments. The doctor

was soon at the house of his brother. Many inquiries passed on both sides. But as we do not wish to pry into family affairs, we shall merely content ourselves with relating what was said with respect to public matters.

"Well, brother, have you brought any news of public interest from the city?"

"Brother, I cannot say that I have brought any very good news; but in the coach there was a gentleman, who informed me of a most diabolical conspiracy, which had just been detected and exploded."

"What! a gunpowder plot, a fifth of November affair? Oh! what times! what times we do live in! I hope our revered sovereign is safe?"

"I hope so too, brother. I have no doubts of it; they have not come to extremities."

"But tell me all about it. Have you brought a newspaper with you?"

"No, I have not a paper. But listen, and you shall hear all that I know."

"Well—I am all attention."

"When I set off from the inn yard, I had five fellow travellers; three old ladies and two gentlemen. One of the gentlemen happened to be a relation of a neighbour of yours, it was Mr. Doolittle of Liverpool, and the other was a tall middle aged man, who did not seem very communicative."

"Perhaps it was my friend and neighbour Stephen North?"

"No, his name I found was West. I took him for Charles West, whom I have not seen for many years."

"I thought it might have been North, whom I just met as I was coming into the close: and I took the liberty of giving him an invitation to call."

"Brother, brother, what are you talking about? Did you actually see Stephen Bardolph North in the close here in Litchfield this very day?"

"Ay, brother, that I did, this very day, and this very hour."

"Then brother you saw a traitor and a rebel. I wish you had detained him."

"Why, how now! Is he in this conspiracy of which you are going to tell me?"

"Yes, that he is; the very ring-leader and head of it. There's a reward of two hundred pounds offered for his apprehension: and I strongly suspect that he was the very man who travelled with us under the assumed name of West. I observed something very singular about him. He was very reserved; and now I recollect, that when Mr. Doolittle lent him the paper to read out the account of the conspiracy, he contrived to let it fall out of the coach-window, just before he came to that part which described the person of the chief conspirator. I have no doubt he is the very man."

Thereupon the two reverend brothers went on comparing notes, and they came to the same conclusion, and, as in duty bound, they proceeded to inform the two bailiffs, and the leading men of the city, that an advertised rebel was har-

boured somewhere in Litchfield. Active search commenced immediately. Enquiry was made at the posting houses, and injunctions left with the masters of them to give notice to the magistrates, if any suspicious person should attempt to hire post-horses; and very alert were the post-masters, when they heard of the great reward which was attached to the capture of the arch-rebel.

All this Mr. North very prudently foresaw, and much of it he guarded against as well as he could. He took especial care not to present himself again at the Swan inn, where the coach had stopped, and he was equally careful not to make application at any other of the principal inns. But he walked out of the city, and by the warmth of walking, and by means of the dust of the road he soon looked very much like a pedestrian of humble rank. He then stepped into the first public-house he came to, which was about four miles from Litchfield. Here he sat down, and with such materials as the house

afforded he wrote to his friend Charles Slender, informing him of the events of the journey, and of its unfortunate interruption. When he had finished his letter, his next difficulty was to get it into the post-office. He found that there was no office for the reception of letters nearer than Litchfield, and as it was now growing dusk, he ventured to return there to put the letter in for himself, not caring to trust it to a messenger. Slowly and wearily he retraced his steps, and he found himself again in the place from whence he had started.

Enquiring for the post-office, he was grieved to find that there was no possibility that his letter could reach London on the following day, as the mail had left the place several hours ago. He determined, however, to put his letter into the office, and conceal himself till he should have an answer. Poor man he was born to be unfortunate! It so happened that the person of whom he inquired for the post-office, was one of those subalterns, by whom the corporation

and magistrates of Litchfield convey their mandates to the citizens, and he had been sent with an especial message to the principal inns, touching the supply of post-horses to suspicious persons. By the singularity of Mr. North's appearance, and by his palpable error in imagining that the post was not closed for the day; this public officer began to conjecture, that he had been actually talking to the great traitor on whose apprehension so much depended. Not liking to divide the reward, and yet fearing that his own individual power might not be sufficient for the seizure, he communicated his suspicion to a brother officer, whose dwelling was hard by, and the two followed the forlorn patriot at a little distance. They watched him as he deposited his letter, and then followed him to a small public-house, where he made inquiry if he could have a bed for the night. By the light in the house the two officers examined their destined victim, and saw enough to lead them to conjecture that they had the prize in

their own power. Before the regenerator of Europe was aware that he was watched, he was seized by the men of authority, and found himself a prisoner in a strange land.

CHAPTER XVII.

——— Neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner.

SHAKSPEARE.

It becomes now a matter of imperious duty, to turn our attention awhile to the patriot's daughter. We shall, with great confidence in the Litchfield magistrates, leave Mr. North in their keeping, and trust that they will bring him safely to London, by the time that we need his presence there.

When Emma North was first removed from her father's house to the mansion of Lord Slender, it was not without some painful emotions, on her part, to think that her natural protector, and only friend, should be exposed

to danger of any kind, and should also be liable to arrest. But so dextrous was the management of Louisa Slender, that poor Emma was persuaded, that there was no real danger; and the only feeling in her mind was mortification, that her dear father should so indiscreetly expose himself to ridicule. The power which Louisa exercised over the mind of her young friend was of a mixed nature. There was clearly a superiority in natural strength of mind, there was a difference in age, and there was most of all a difference in acquaintance with the world. When Emma yielded to Louisa, it was not the surrender, but the conviction of judgment. Emma was gentle, but not weak, more of a novice than an ignoramus. She had been brought up, for the most part, in the country; but trees and green fields are no more the necessary conductors of ignorance, than brick-walls and stone pavement are the communicators of wit. The disadvantages, therefore, under which Miss North was placed were

purely accidental. There was a want of confidence in herself, a questioning tone of voice in expressing an opinion, as if she always made her account with contradiction; but there was withal, to those who had observation enough to discern it, a vein of good sense, and sound discrimination, running through her mind. It was only with very ignorant coxcombs that Miss North passed for a simpleton. By one of these she was most grievously persecuted, almost immediately on her arrival at Lord Slender's.

Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, was a baronet of very large property, and very limited understanding; but his lack of wit was more than compensated, by a most perfect self-assurance, and by a thorough conviction of his own excellence in every thing in which he desired to excel; and there were very few human pursuits, in which he had not at some time or other engaged himself. He had some knowledge of modern languages, a little recollection of the Greek and Latin, which he had learned at

school; he had paid some attention to natural history, was something of a chemist, very partial to botany, skilful as a florist; could play a little on the piano-forte, a little on the flute, a little on the violin, a little on the guitar; could sing a few songs, understood flower painting, and was reckoned by some persons a connoisseur in oil paintings; in fashion he was almost a dictator, and though he was six feet in height, his waistcoat was very little more than six inches long: in politics he was profound and oracular; the opinion which he gave of the French Revolution has remained uncontradicted to the present day, and unless some very unexpected discovery should be made, that opinion will always remain unshaken. His opinion was as follows.

Being one day, in the year 1794, dining at the table of a celebrated statesman, whose politics were of the opposition cast, and the conversation turning on the revolution, and its consequences, many voices were speaking almost

at once, and after several efforts to gain a hearing, Sir Pertinax succeeded in fixing the attention of the company, and then directing his discourse principally to the statesman, said, "Sir, if I am asked my opinion of the French Revolution, I can only say, that I have most completely analyzed it, and I can and will say most positively, that it was beyond doubt a great national movement; but there is decidedly something wrong in it, and as to the consequences of it, time, Sir, time will shew them." To this profound observation, the statesman nodded assent, and said, "Certainly, Sir Pertinax, you are clearly right; you have come to the point at once; you understand something." To this compliment, Sir Pertinax bowed, and from this moment he felt himself born to be a legislator; and, had craniology or skullcraft been the fashion in those days, the baronet's head would have exhibited the organ of legislativeness strongly developed.

At the time of which we are writing, the

baronet was about forty years old, a bachelor, not from any abhorrence of the chains of matrimony, but because he could not discern who amongst the deserving was most deserving of the honor of becoming Lady Pennyfarthing. For a year or two past, he had been persecuting Louisa Slender with his most polite attentions, but had not been, during that time, sufficiently explicit to give her an opportunity of ridding herself of his attentions. There was, in fact, a misunderstanding between them: for the lady was most anxious to get rid of his persecutions, and the gentleman thought that the lady was in trembling expectation of being gratified with the intelligence, that she, of all women, was the only person worthy of becoming the companion for life of so distinguished a statesman, scholar, gentleman, and philosopher, as Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing.

This worthy baronet made his appearance at Lord Slender's, the day after Miss North had taken up her abode there; and while the father

was undergoing the torture of meeting Dr. Mufflechops in the close at Litchfield, the daughter was annoyed by the fooleries of Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing.

When the baronet called, Louisa and Emma were sitting together in the drawing-room, amusing themselves with setting in order divers fragments of printed music. With an impatience of manner, which must have been evident to any but a decided coxcomb, Louisa received the baronet, and, as in duty bound, introduced him to Miss North.

"Meece North," said the baronet, "I am most heppy to see you. You are delightfully employed ladees, arranging music. Will my assistance be acceptable?"

"Thank you, Sir Pertinax," replied Louisa, "we have nearly finished our task."

"Music is a most delightful science," pursued the visitor; "I formerly gave some little attention to it. Pray may I make bold to ask if you have any thing new?"

"No, Sir Pertinax," answered Louisa; "we are only separating some of Handel's from some of Hook's."

"Indeed? I think Handel is a favourite composer with you, Louisa. Pray, Meece North, whom do you prefer, Handel or Hook?"

Emma was about to reply, but the baronet, who thought his own voice the sweetest music that ever was heard, replied for her.

"Handel is, in my opinion, far before Hook as a composer of sacred music."

That was exactly Miss North's opinion. Now sometimes we are disposed to give a man credit for good judgment, because he thinks as we do; but, in this case, Miss North began to think her new acquaintance no conjuror. The young ladies pursued their employment, and Sir Pertinax amused himself with gazing, more earnestly than politely, on the lovely countenance of Emma North, and as she was really a pretty looking girl, the baronet, who, among other accomplishments, prided himself on being

a judge of female beauty, began to attempt in his way to make himself agreeable.

"Pray, Meece North, what is your opinion of the origin of music; do you think it was invented by the Romans or by the Egyptians?"

"I have never given the subject a thought," said the patriot's daughter; "but it does not strike me, that it would be easy to ascertain, or worth the trouble if ascertained."

"It is certainly a very profound inquiry; but, it is always my plan to gain knowledge on every point. 'Music has charms'—said our immortal Shakspeare. You read Shakspeare, I presume? A most astonishing bard—a divine poet—a philosopher!"

"Yes, I have read Shakspeare with great interest."

"Don't you think him very superior to Sophocles? Indeed, I cannot conceive of a finer writer for the stage. Very strange though, the other day I met with a queer genius, who said, that he did not consider Shakspeare's

plays capable of representation on the stage. Very odd, indeed very odd."

"Very strange, indeed, Sir Pertinax; we live altogether in a strange world," replied Louisa Slender.

"A strange world!" echoed Sir Pertinax. "What think you of the horrible conspiracy which has just been detected? There is comparatively little said about it in the papers; for ministers almost dread to let the public know the full extent of it. I have heard from very high authority, that ramifications of this plot reach all over the kingdom, more or less. I wish ministers would take my advice."

"I am afraid ministers have more advice offered to them, than they can possibly take," said Louisa; "but what is the advice which you have given, or offered?"

"Oh, I have not made any express tender of my advice; but, my views of political matters are not unknown to them; and I have had the testimony of one of the leading men in the

the opposition, that my sentiments on political affairs are unusually correct."

"But you are not of opposition politics yourself, Sir Pertinax?"

"No, Meddem, by no means; and there is the great strength of the compliment, that I could extort such an acknowledgment from an opposition leader. The ministers themselves could not do that. Now, if my opponents acknowledge that I am right, I think it rather singular and somewhat perverse, that those with whom I generally coincide will not suffer themselves to be guided by my advice. The fact is, that, though I am not in opposition, I am not therefore with ministers on every subject—I am perfectly independent: I do not assume to lead, and I do not deign to follow,—I am in fact a party by myself."

The baronet was manifestly delighted with his own encomium on his own independence and singularity. Louisa was not displeased that the mention of the plot had only led to a still

further display of the poor man's egotism; for she very much dreaded, that it would call forth some observations not altogether agreeable to Emma. Under this impression, she endeavoured to lead him on to some other mode of displaying his vanity, very well assured that if he could but make himself his subject, it was a matter of little concern to him what was the topic of conversation.

"Well, but Sir Pertinax, do not entertain us with politics, for they are rather out of the province of the weaker sex. Have you no scandal to amuse us with? Or can you not communicate any thing new connected with the fine arts?"

Sir Pertinax smiled, and looked very knowing. "I think," said he, "that I have something new to communicate connected with the fine arts. A certain person, who shall be nameless, has recently occupied a chair in the painting room of a distinguished delineator of the 'human form divine,' as Shakspeare says.

When the picture is sent home, I shall be most happy to have your opinion of the skill and accuracy of the artist."

"Such a picture," replied Louisa, "will be an exhibition of itself. It will be a gratifying sight, indeed, if the artist has done justice to the original."

Sir Pertinax was most highly gratified with the compliment; but being, as he always said, a man of very great delicacy of feeling, he thought that the lady was rather too forward in expressing her admiration of his personal charms. He then was induced to think that he had misapprehended and over-rated the mental qualities of Louisa Slender, and he also thought that what he had frequently taken for wit and vivacity, was mere flippancy and forward pertness; and as he considered himself the best match in the whole circle of the Slenders' acquaintance, he was now about to put himself more on his guard, and not to make himself too cheap. In these reflections he was much assisted by the

pretty face of Emma North, and he thought that he could discern in her features an expression of all those sentiments and mental qualities, which could make a woman amiable in the eyes of Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing.

But with all this severity of judgment against Louisa, still Sir Pertinax was a man of humanity and feeling, and he was sorry for the bitter grief which the deserted damsel would feel, should he be induced to transfer his most desired and estimable attentions to Miss North. He was certainly smitten with Emma, as he had been, four or five hundred times before, with other pretty faces; but each successive capture seemed to the love-stricken baronet more rational and more just than its predecessor. He thought that in Miss North, his physiognomical penetration had discovered a combination of all the excellencies of his former loves, and the absence of all their faults and imperfections. What a pity it was, that, for the sake of Sir Pertinax, skullcraft was not then invented, or

rather, more properly speaking, had not been then revived: for the science is one which would have suited his capacity to perfection, and very probably he would have sacrificed all his other perfections, and literary and scientific attainments, for this alone, and then he could have justified his choice or rejection by a mathematical diagram.

The hostile and severe feelings towards Louisa, which were excited by her last remark, produced a manifest change in the baronet's countenance and manner. He looked rather cold and magnificent towards her, and turned the more gracious looks and expressions towards Emma North. Now Louisa observed this, and as she was very unwilling to hurt the feelings, or, to use another phrase for the same idea, to mortify the vanity of any one; and as she naturally thought that Sir Pertinax saw through the quizzing style of her reply, and felt himself ridiculed, she, with all goodness of intention, endeavoured, by civil expressions, and more than usual kindness

of manner, to make up for her transgression, and to put the baronet in good humour with her and himself. All these attentions, and all this civility, produced, however, quite an opposite effect from that which was intended; for he then thought that his first suspicions were corroborated, and that Louisa was absolutely making advances, not by any means consistent with the dignity of female reserve. And as at the same time Miss North, perceiving that Louisa was entertaining her visitor, was glad to be relieved from the necessity of conversing with the prig, he contrasted the forwardness of one with the beautiful and delicate reserve of the other, and every moment his liking for the one abated, and his love for the other increased. So, before his visit was concluded, he was quite in love with Emma North, and determined to ascertain who and what she was, and then to make her Lady Pennyfarthing, to the great discomfiture and mortification of Louisa Slender, and two or three dozen more young ladies.

Having made this resolution, he was preparing to take his leave, when Louisa asked his permission to introduce her young friend, Miss North, to see the baronet's gallery of paintings. Permission was most graciously granted, and the transferred lover took his departure.

When he was gone, Louisa immediately said to Emma: "Well, my dear, I congratulate you on your conquest. You have certainly captivated the learned and fashionable baronet: I shall lose my gay and gallant admirer."

"My dear friend," replied Emma, "I hope not; for I am sure I should not be able to keep my countenance so gravely as you do, if he were to assail me with his flippancy and fooleries. But how can you manage to talk seriously to him. He is quite a fool."

"Hush, hush, my dear, don't betray your rustic education so much as to call any man a fool, who has a large fortune, and a seat in parliament."

"I beg pardon; it was rather a coarse ex-

pression to be sure, but I have not been much accustomed to the ways of the world, and I am sometimes in danger of expressing my feelings and opinions in language rather too strong."

CHAPTER XVIII.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.

POPE.

On the following morning, Louisa resolved to take Emma North to see the baronet's gallery of paintings, and requested her brother Charles to escort them. The request was most readily complied with, for Charles Slender was a kind hearted and affectionate brother, and was in the habit of indulging his sister in every thing that could contribute to her comfort and amusement. He was quite a pattern for brothers.

Now that the two ladies are dressing for a morning excursion, perhaps it may not be out of the way for us to look a little more atten-

tively at Charles Slender, M. P. for Truckleborough. We have given him a good word or two before in the earlier part of our history: but we wish our readers to be a little better acquainted with him; for he is rather reserved at first sight, and it requires some time to understand him thoroughly; and that, not because there is any mystery or obscureness about him, but quite the reverse. In his person there is nothing remarkable; of the middle size, or rather exceeding it, so that some persons might call him rather tall; of complexion not dark nor very fair; but the most obvious expression of his countenance strikingly displays openness and single heartedness; he looks as if he had never thought, said, or done any thing to be ashamed of; he seems to have sufficient thought to give to his looks an expression of intellect, and not enough to make him appear studious, or profoundly meditative. He cannot by any means be designated as a character, though very far from being a common-place kind of a man, not pretending to any high degree

of political, literary, or scientific sagacity; not a man of bustling and forward ambition. If he had not been born to the peerage, he would never have aspired to it; but being in that rank he will uphold the dignity and steady propriety that becomes it; having a will of his own, but by no means obstinate or uncomplying; having a due respect for himself, and not wanting a consideration for others. His demeanour uniformly courteous, but not having any thing of the sycophant about him; having a good natural understanding, but not distinguished by any remarkable or extraordinary powers of mind. In his conduct, uniform propriety, and in his mind and feelings, a tone of general healthiness. A character of this kind is more easily imagined than expressed.

The party found Sir Pertinax at home, and were most graciously received. The baronet was engaged in his gallery, endeavouring to find room for a Vandyke, which he had just purchased, and also contriving to make such an

arrangement as should admit to a conspicuous part of the gallery the forthcoming production of the living artist; for the delineator of the person of Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing was the only living artist, whose production could find its way into the baronet's collection. His passion for the old masters was so strong that he has often said, when portrait painting was the subject of conversation, that he wished Michael Angelo or Vandyke could rise from the grave to paint his portrait. These were his favourite artists: the first because every connoisseur admires him, and the last because his pictures are so fine.

While his visitors were looking at his pictures, the baronet, addressing Charles Slender, informed him that he was about to make an innovation in his gallery, and introduce, for the first time, the work of a living artist. Charles, who had heard from his sister of the portrait that was in hand, replied, "I presume that the subject is living too."

"You are right, Sir. Now I have had some difficulty in contriving this matter. You observe that there is at present nothing modern in the room."

"Except the present company," replied Charles.

"Exactly so," responded the baronet; "you are quite facetious. Well, now, as there is nothing modern in the room, except as before excepted, it struck me that it would not harmonize with the rest of the paintings, if I should fix up a modern portrait by a modern artist, the colours all fresh and the costume modern."

"Would it not have some pleasing effect by way of contrast?"

"Perhaps it might: that thought never struck me, and yet I considered the subject almost in every possible attitude and bearing; for I thought it very odd that the owner should be excluded from his own treasures. However,

Sir, I at last resolved to be painted, not in modern costume, or in propriâ personâ, as it were, but in classic costume."

"What in the Roman toga, as a senator?"

"Not exactly so, but as Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage."

The baronet looked at Charles for a compliment on his taste, and Charles looked at the baronet, to see what connection there could be between the actual countenance of Six Pertinax Pennyfarthing, and the probable look of Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage.

"I had been thinking," pursued the baronet, "of some scripture scene, such, for instance, as Daniel in the lions' den, or Joshua blowing the trumpet at the walls of Jericho; but I thought it might perhaps be considered profane."

"I am quite of opinion," said Charles, "that the choice which you have made is the best of those you have mentioned."

"I am very happy that it meets your approbation. I consider you something of a judge in

these matters, though I believe you have not given so much of your attention to the fine arts as I have. It is a pity you do not give more attention to them."

Sir Pertinax, having honoured Charles with a compliment, now directed himself more decidedly to the young lady who had supplanted Louisa in his affections, expressing a hope that the apartment might contain some treasures which might gratify Miss North's taste.

Miss North expressed herself highly delighted with the specimens of ancient art, which the baronet's judgment had selected; and, recollecting the hasty and uncourteous manner in which she had spoken of him the preceding day, now took pains to be as courteous as possible. The heart of the baronet was melted and won. He had never seen so much beauty joined with so much judgment. He grew quite animated, and in order at once to commence and complete his conquest, he forthwith poured forth, with unmerciful fluency, the whole stock of his know-

ledge, and his taste, and his science. Miss North bore it all with the utmost resignation, which Sir Pertinax construed into admiration; and though she said but little, the baronet thought her the most lively, and eloquent, and graceful talker he had ever met with. But the question was not yet answered, "Who is she?" And it was not very easy to ask that question, either of Louisa Slender, or her brother. He resolved, however, to wait with patience till a proper opportunity offered.

Nor was it long before the wished-for information was communicated: for the Slender party had not left Sir Pertinax more than half an hour, when he received a call from one of his fashionable compeers: a man not equal to himself in every point of view, but merely one with whom he sympathized as a fashionist. Such was the universality of the genius of Sir Pertinax, that he had associates of various descriptions. His profound views of policy

connected him with political characters, his elegance with men of fashion, his science with men of science, and his love of the arts gave him interest among artists. The visitor which was now announced, was one of the baronet's fashionable friends; in many respects a most useful man; a kind of general conductor, a solicitor and conveyancer of gossip; who knew every thing about every body, that every body wished to be unknown: a kind of supplement to the herald's college, recollecting ancestors and family ramifications which were not recorded there. He had studied human nature, not by books, but by observation, and he was perfect in his line, for he studied nothing else. Whatever were his faults, reserve was not one of them: he was by no means selfish in his pursuit of knowledge; his information was not locked up coldly in his own breast; it was readily and gratuitously communicated to all who were willing to receive it. Octavius Leaky, for that was the gentle-

man's name, was just at this convenient moment announced. The baronet was delighted to see him.

"Leaky, my good fellow, I am most happy to see you: I was this moment wishing for you. You know the Slender family, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, very well indeed: which of them do you mean? What, the Lord Slender that bought Truckleborough last spring?"

"The same. Charles and his sister were here a little while ago, looking over my paintings, and they brought with them a pretty-looking girl, whose face I have never seen before. She is called Miss North. Do you know any thing of her family?"

"Family, can't say much about family—she has a father, and had a mother, I suppose. Her grandfather was a scrivener, some where in those dirty alleys on the east side of Temple-bar, in that part of the suburbs which they call the city."

"But who and what is her father? Where does he come from?"

"I can't say exactly where he comes from, but I can tell you where he is going:—videlicet, to a dirty place on the east side of Temple-bar, called Newgate."

"Her father going to Newgate! For what, in the name of common sense?"

"For sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion. Why, man, her father is a rank democrat, a most hot-headed jacobin. He was going the other day to organize a committee of public safety in a pot-house, on the east side of Temple-bar; but he was soon glad to resolve himself into a committee of private safety, and pop out of the window, and be off; he was nabbed at last at Litchfield, and is now paying his respects to his majesty's most honourable privy council, and the patriot stands a good chance of being expatriated."

"Then, this is the very man that was advertised in the public papers a few days ago?"

"To be sure. Did not you know that? Why, you know nothing; you affect to be a

politician, and to have such a deep insight into public affairs ; and yet you hardly know what passes in the cabinet, till you read of it two years after in the Annual Register."

" I regard principles, and take a comprehensive view of affairs, and do not much meddle with details. Indeed, I don't think myself well used by those whom I support. I have received greater compliments from the opposition, than ever I did from ministers."

" Yes, yes, I know, I remember that story—very flattering to be sure. I hope you told it to Miss North, and her father."

" Her father I have not yet seen ; and if he is such a democrat, I hope I never shall see him. I have the greatest horror imaginable of democrats—I cannot bear them. I should almost faint at the sight of one. But are you sure that what you are telling me is all true? May you not have been misinformed? Reports, you know, do sometimes get abroad, nobody knows

how. I can hardly think Miss North to be the daughter of a democrat; for democrats are all such coarse, vulgar, brutal, ignorant people, and Miss North is really a most accomplished young woman, a person of universal knowledge."

"All that may be very true; but what I tell you is also true; and if you have any doubts, go and ask Charles Slender, he is more intimate with Miss North and her father than I am."

Now, on this information, the mind of Sir Pertinax, or that indescribable something which supplies the place of mind in such persons, was set to work most teasingly and perplexedly. He could not entertain the slightest doubt of the beauty or wisdom of Miss North; and was also as little in doubt with respect to the political transgression of Mr. North. He hoped, however, that Mr. North might not be a decided, irreclaimable jacobin; and when, in answer to

further interrogatories, Mr. Leaky informed him, that the patriot had an estate of no mean extent in Yorkshire, and that he had property also in the funds, he thought it absolutely impossible that he should be a malignant and determined democrat, and trusted that he was only rather too much of a whig, and somewhat too strong in expressing opposition sentiments; and as Sir Pertinax had received a compliment from a member and a leader of the opposition, he did not consider them as altogether incorrigible or impenetrable. Having, however, resolved to fall in love with Miss North, he was not inclined to relinquish that intention, merely on the report of such a tattler as Octavius Leaky. He, therefore, made up his mind, that he would not yet make up his mind.

While the above scene was passing at the house of Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, another, quite as perplexing, was taking place at the house of Lord Slender. Soon after the party

had returned from viewing the baronet's gallery, a servant announced, that there was a man, who insisted on speaking to Miss North, and who would not deliver his message to any one but to herself. He said, that he had come from Truckleborough, and had also mentioned his name, but the servant said it was so hard a name, that he had forgotten it.

At Lord Slender's it was not the order of the day to be inattentive to any person coming from or connected with Truckleborough; so the servant was ordered to shew the man into the library, and Miss North presently went down to speak to him.

As soon as the door was opened, the young lady recognised her father's old acquaintance, Francis Lathergills; and was about to address him with the accustomed inquiries, when the poor fellow, bursting into tears, exclaimed in a most pathetic tone, "Oh, my dear lady, we are all ruined and undone for ever; your dear

father is taken, and all the officers are after me too; and oh me! there is no knowing what will be the end of it."

Emma turned pale, and was about to speak, when fortunately Charles Slender, who was not farther off than in the dining-room adjoining, hearing the loud and lamentable exclamation of the patriot Lathergills, without ceremony entered the library, and was just in time to save Miss North from fainting. His sudden entrance recalled her spirits, and she was able to explain the purport of the hair-dresser's visit: for the poor man himself was in too great terror to make out a consistent story. Charles Slender inquired of the man as to the source of his information, and he soon found that it came from good authority, namely, from a servant who had accompanied Dr. Mufflechops from Litchfield to London, by the very same conveyance which brought up Mr. North himself. Emma, at the request of Charles, now rejoined his sister, and

left the hair-dresser to the good counsel and protection, which the representative of Truckleborough might be able and willing to afford him.

CHAPTER XIX.

He who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deemed his sovereign's foe.
THOMSON.

WHEN Emma had communicated to her kind friend the unpleasant intelligence she had so abruptly received from Lathergills, the latter used all the ingenuity of which she was mistress, to persuade the patriot's daughter that her father was not in any real danger. But it was no very pleasant consideration, that her father's name had been made public, and that a degree of disgrace seemed to be connected with it: for her mind was not strong, or rather not steady and composed enough to distinguish between a moral and political offence. Indeed, the very

action which her father might be under the painful necessity of defending at a criminal tribunal, could, under other circumstances, and with a different result, bear the name, and carry away the applause of high and distinguished patriotism. Mr. North, had, however, sadly neglected his daughter's political education. His own home, and his immediate dependents and connections, were not the centre and commencement of his political exertions. He did not act as Mahomet did, who first converted his own family, and thence formed a nation to his creed.

Mr. North was fond of his daughter and proud of her, but he never shewed his fondness for her by disciplining her mind according to his own model of political perfection, and what little she had heard by accident of political matters, had given to her mind not a favourable moral bias towards that party to which her father belonged. She was, however, well satisfied, that her father's moral principles were

good, and she could not regard him as a transgressor of any moral duty; but she could feel, and that most painfully, that in this light he would be considered by the world. So a depression of spirits crept upon her, and an undefined feeling of mortification and humiliation overcame her. The consolatory and cheerful language of Louisa, she answered with sobbings and with tears, and she felt herself as a dependent, and as one that must be deserted.

The intelligence of the capture and commitment of Stephen Bardolph North, reached Sir Pertinax by other channels than the lips of Mr. Leaky, and the baronet now felt himself most sorely annoyed by the circumstance, inasmuch as he was most deeply smitten by Miss North. So the political part of the baronet's character began now to develop itself, and he meditated how he might use his influence and importance in behalf of the captived patriot; and, when from Octavius Leaky, he understood that Mr. North had the reputation of possessing no small share

of personal pride, and aristocratical hauteur, by the means of his natural constitution struggling against his acquired opinions, then did Sir Pertinax no longer hesitate as to what part he should take, and forthwith he hastened to Lord Slender's to consult what best was to be done to extricate poor Mr. North from his perilous condition.

On any other occasion, Sir Pertinax would not have condescended to consult with a whig on matters of influence or management; but now he was desirous of shewing off in presence, or, at least, to the knowledge of the young lady. Arrived at his lordship's house, the baronet requested an interview immediately with Charles Slender. When they met he began thus:

"My good friend, I am most heartily concerned to hear that a gentleman of your acquaintance has brought himself into very serious difficulties, by his political vagaries. I have just called to say, that you may use my influence in any way you may see fit to command, if you

think that I can be of any service to your friend; and I trust, if I were to exert myself, I have so much weight that I might prevent the affair from coming to any thing very serious."

Charles Slender understood all this perfectly well. He smiled, not very broadly, and in answer to these magnificent offers, only said, "I thank you, Sir Pertinax; but there will be no necessity for you to give yourself the slightest trouble on the occasion. I have had an interview with Lord Vellum, and am assured of his good offices, should they be required; he himself, however, thinks that they will not. I believe the charge itself is very slight, and the evidence rather defective."

"But," continued the baronet, "I understand that the privy council is in possession of an important paper, which was found on Mr. North's person, and supposed to be in his hand-writing, and this is the great testimony against him."

"Supposed to be in his hand-writing! I believe it is only supposition. I am well assured

that no treasonable document ever was written by Mr. North, or by his direction; and if any such paper exists, and was supposed to drop out of his hand or pocket, I look upon it to be a mere cheat; the dirty trick of some spy or informer."

"Nay, but, my good Sir, I have seen a gentleman who is acquainted with the rector of Truckleborough, and who says that the doctor has seen the paper, and is ready to swear that it is in the hand-writing of Mr. North, and this clergyman is subpœnaed to attend and give testimony when the trial comes on. I hope I may be wrong."

"I trust you are. However, I thank you for your kind offer, Sir Pertinax, though your mediation may not be needed."

The baronet took his leave, and though disappointed in the object of his visit, was yet gratified in having had an opportunity of shewing his importance. Charles Slender was very much perplexed, however, by the mention of the seditious paper, and especially by the intelligence that

Dr. Mufflechops was in town, and would swear to the writing as being that of Mr. North. He was anxious, therefore, to see Lord Vellum again; and if he could get no satisfactory answer from him, he was resolved to sift North himself more closely on the subject, being well assured that if this paper were got rid of, the rest of the business was but a trifle, that could soon be settled; for he had been already informed by Lord Vellum that the present prisoners were not the persons whom ministers had more especially in view as desiring their conviction.

Lord Vellum must have been very busy indeed, had he not been able to receive a call from one of the Slender family, and very important and momentous must those state secrets have been, which he could withhold from the importunity of one of that family. Charles was, therefore, presently admitted to an audience, and his lordship most politely prepared to give him every intelligence in his power, and to grant him all the assistance he could, in behalf

of his unfortunate friend. At the same time, he looked very grave, and assured his visitor, that the paper in question was, beyond all doubt, the property and the writing of Mr. North. He also added, that there was something mysterious in the address, which rendered it doubtful as to whom it was intended to be sent. His lordship not seeming disposed to make any more particular communications, Charles left him after having obtained permission to visit Mr. North in the house of bondage.

Poor Mr. North, after his capture and examination, had scarcely taken possession of a tolerably decent apartment, in his majesty's prison of Newgate, when he was agreeably surprised by a visit from his good friend Charles Slender. This was a great refreshment to the dejected and disappointed patriot, and he held forth his hand, with an expression of cordiality, towards his welcome visitor. His first question was concerning his daughter, and when that

inquiry was satisfactorily answered, his countenance brightened up, and he began to converse with an unrestrained vivacity; narrating the adventures of his journey, and concluding his narrative with an expression of confidence in the favourable result of his approaching trial.

"But have you made up your mind as to what counsel you will employ?" said Charles.

"I have made up my mind to be my own counsellor, to plead my own cause."

"What, do you forget the old saying, that he who pleads his own cause, has a fool for his client; or do you hope to prove an exception to that rule?"

"My good friend, I would rather have a fool for my client, than be client to a knave."

"You are rather too severe on the profession. I think you might find an honest advocate, or at least one that will serve your purpose quite as well, and perhaps better."

"No such thing, I tell you. There is not one man that wears a gown who dares to speak those

wholesome and unpalatable truths which must be my defence: besides, my good friend, think you that my only object is a personal escape from the penalties of an unjust law? Think you that I am come to this crisis of my political exertions, and that here I am dropt down into a humble criminal, seeking to wriggle out of the labyrinth of law by some petty quibble or contrivance? An opportunity is now afforded to me, not only of preserving myself, but of contributing to the deliverance of the nation, and this opportunity I will not, and must not neglect."

"But surely you cannot expect to make any impression on the nation by means of an Old Bailey trial for sedition! What I most wish to ask you about, is this seditious paper, which is mentioned as having fallen from your hand or pocket; and this paper, I hear from good authority, is clearly written by your own hand. I am puzzled about this."

"And so was I," replied the philosopher; "and if you were to read the said paper, you

would be puzzled still more to conjecture what sedition or treason could be found in it. It is certainly written in my hand, and by my hand, but it is not seditious."

"Then you know what the paper is, and of course will explain it satisfactorily at your trial?"

"I do know what the paper is," responded Mr. North, "but I am not quite sure that I shall explain it satisfactorily. I must endeavour to prove what it is not, and leave curiosity to conjecture what it is."

Our readers are, of course, mightily anxious to know all about this wonderful paper, but we cannot gratify their curiosity at present. Indeed, as it is the only piece of mystery in the whole course of our narrative, we are willing to make the most of it, and we are not quite sure that we shall let the secret out at all; we may probably think fit, in our wisdom, to leave it to the conjectures of the curious. At all events we make no promises.

Charles Slender, finding that Mr. North was as obstinate in keeping the secret as we are, ceased to question him any further on the subject; but assured the patriot, that, if any thing were in his power, he would be most happy in forwarding any views that tended to his safety, and to a pleasant termination of this unhappy business.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the prisoner, "call it not unhappy! I am conscious of my innocence, even under the present and existing laws, and therefore this false accusation cannot bring odium or disgrace upon me, and cannot be fraught with any personal danger to me; but it will furnish me with a most glorious opportunity of giving publicity to my views; and all the friends of the liberty of mankind will rally round me, and our strength will be known."

While Mr. North was speaking, a new visitor was announced; and when the said visitor entered the apartment, Mr. Slender immediately recognised the important personage, who has

been introduced to our readers by the name of Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing.

"My good friend, Slender," exclaimed the baronet, "I am most happy to meet with you, and to find you thus laudably employed in visiting the captive. Mr. North, I am sorry to see you under the frown of the law. May I presume to offer my best services in this momentous crisis?"

Mr. North stared; Charles Slender explained; and the patriot acknowledged the great politeness of the accomplished baronet, who received the acknowledgment most graciously. There was, however, a slight misunderstanding between the patriot and the baronet: for the former considered the visit of the latter as a homage paid to his patriotism, and as an implied acknowledgment of similarity of sentiment; but the baronet considered himself in the light of a powerful patron, and as an effectual interceder with the ruling powers, to abate their severity towards

the misguided and erroneously thinking patriot. Under this impression, and excited by the agreeable intelligence he had received of his daughter's welfare, the patriot addressed himself to his new acquaintance with unusual animation.

"Sir Pertinax, this visit does you honor, and I feel most deeply indebted to you for your sympathy. We live in trying times, Sir Pertinax; and let me tell you, there are few persons, in your rank, who think, and dare act as you do."

"Mr. North, you are disposed to be complimentary. I do trust, however, that I shall always act worthy of my character as an English——"

"Baronet," he would have said, but Mr. North, in the ardour of his feelings cut short the speech by addressing himself to Charles Slender, and urging him to adopt the same mode of thinking as the worthy baronet had. The young gentleman smiled at the recommendation, and perceived the patriot's blunder; but he was

unwilling to disturb the complacency and satisfaction of either party by an explanation, he therefore, in reply to Mr. North, only said:

"My good Sir, this is not a time for the discussion of opinions, and of modes of thinking: we must now think of making arrangements for your defence."

"Nonsense, young man," replied the self-satisfied patriot, "my defence is arranged already; I have it in my innocence, and my tongue will not fail to give it due utterance."

"That was exactly my opinion, Mr. North," interrupted Sir Pertinax. "I considered you as a falsely accused man from the very first moment that the affair was named: I thought it impossible that a person of your rank and talent should ever be so far off his guard as to be guilty of treason or sedition."

"Treason and sedition, Sir Pertinax, are terms which are used with variety of meaning, and are, as all other words, frequently misapplied. Now treason, I consider——"

"Exactly so," exclaimed Sir Pertinax, "that is my way of thinking. Now, I remember when I was once in company with some of the members of the opposition, and the conversation ran on political subjects, I ventured to give my opinion of that great movement, the French revolution. 'That revolution,' said I, 'is undoubtedly a great national movement—those were exactly my words, a great national movement—but, I added, but there is something wrong in it; and time, Sir, time will show its consequences.' These Mr. North, these were my words, and I feel confident I was right. Indeed, I had the honor of receiving the testimony of a leader of opposition, that I had formed a very correct judgment. Now, some persons might be vain of such flattering testimonials, but I do not altogether approve of opposition politics. To say the truth, politics are not with me, as with some persons in my rank, an exclusive study; I feel greater delight in cultivating the fine arts, and I hope I shall soon

have the pleasure of Mr. North's company in the Pennyfarthing gallery."

The transition from treason and sedition to the Pennyfarthing gallery, and through the intervening steps of opposition, politics, and the French revolution, rather puzzled and perplexed our imprisoned patriot. He could not understand what was the connection between treason and sedition, and the Pennyfarthing gallery: and then he looked at Sir Pertinax with an inquiring eye, as much as to say, "Is the man crazy?"

Whether Sir Pertinax read the question in the patriot's eye, or whether a sudden consciousness of inconsequentiality came upon him, we know not, but he forthwith smiled at himself and said:

"I beg pardon, however, for wandering from the business now under consideration: I can only say, that if in any thing I can be of service to Mr. North, I am most ready and desirous to contribute the mite of my influence

towards the desirable object of his speedy restoration to liberty and society. Of course you will employ the best counsel."

"I think my own the best," was the patriot's concise reply.

"Your own, Mr. North, your own! Surely you will not be so rash. We must not suffer you so far to endanger your cause as to renounce the ordinary means of defence. Now, if you will so far indulge me as to listen to my recommendation, I would recommend my acquaintance Counsellor Babblethwaite. He is profoundly skilled in law, and would be very eloquent, if he had an opportunity of opening his lips in court; but, unfortunately, though he has been at the bar for nearly fifteen years, he has not yet had a cause in which he could display the full powers of his eloquence. I think you will do well to try him."

Mr. North declined the assistance of Counsellor Babblethwaite; nor could any entreaty change the resolution which he had taken, of defending

his own cause. His visitors, after fruitlessly endeavouring to persuade him to a contrary line of conduct, at length took leave of him, and consigned him to his own meditations; which were soon after again interrupted by the intrusion of Mr. Jackson, of Truckleborough, who being in town by accident, and learning of Mr. North's unpleasant situation, just stepped in to offer his professional assistance.

Now it so happened that the patriot had not quite forgotten the professional assistance which he had heretofore received from the above-named solicitor; wherefore, when the man of law came smirking into the prisoner's apartment, he found not a very cordial or gracious reception; and to his proffers of professional assistance Mr. North very coldly replied, that he had already experienced the solicitor's dexterity in bringing him into a scrape, and he distrusted his skill to bring him out of one. And when Mr. Jackson became more importunate, Mr. North said rather angrily and hastily:

"Mr. Jackson, whatever the law inflicts I must abide, and take it as I may; but I will not voluntarily inflict upon myself the penalty of a lawyer's bill."

That was very rude to Mr. Jackson, just as if he came and offered his services merely for what he could get. He felt it accordingly, and had he not been rather accustomed to such rude speeches, there is no saying what would have been the depth of his resentment; but he was for the most part an unruffled man, and he had a family to provide for, and from his youth he had been instructed to govern his temper among all with whom he had or might have business. His legal instructor used often to say to him, "Don't be angry and passionate, that is not the way to get on in the world; for you can never set down in a bill—'For being in a passion, 6*s.* 8*d.*' We must do him the justice to say that he had certainly profited by this advice in more senses than one. He, therefore very placidly and politely took his leave of the disturbed

patriot; and Mr. North, once more, was left to the enjoyment of meditation and solitude. In this solitude the patriot betook himself to thoughts on the mode of conducting his defence, and he has since been heard to say that he almost wished at that time, that the charge against him had been more serious and threatening, in order that it might have afforded a stronger stimulus to his mind, and have given a greater interest to his situation; and he also has said, that he was so frequently interrupted in the train of his thought, by imagining what distinguished persons would be present at his trial, and what effects his eloquence would have upon them, that he could scarcely preserve the continuity of his ideas.

CHAPTER XX.

But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou ail,
Put off thy reflections and give us thy tale.

PRIOR.

In the last chapter, we have seen a captive, and three of his comforters. Of this party, the prisoner seems the only one that is pleased and satisfied. Charles Slender was displeased that he could not bring Mr. North to reason. Sir Pertinax was displeased, that a recommendation of Counsellor Babblethwaite had no weight with the patriot; and last, though not least, in his displeasure, was Mr. Jackson, who was disappointed of a job. So strange are the turns and varieties of human life! Thus often do we find our compassion misplaced, and we fre-

quently suffer more from sympathy, than the objects of our pity endure from the very circumstances, which excite our pity and awaken our sympathy. This is a wise remark, very much in the style of Euripides. It may be a quotation; let our classical readers look to it.

It is usually the practice of novel writers, when they have collected together a group of their characters, and are forced to separate them, uniformly to desert that one which is most likely to have excited the interest of the reader, and to follow one which seems to be the least interesting. So a feeling of curiosity is raised, and the mind of the reader is awakened by a change of position. Now we, who hate and abhor all manner of common-place hackneyed tricks, are most truly desirous of treating our readers with civility and courtesy, and would not by any means wish to draw them away from that which interests them, and would be most happy to keep the fate and interests of the hero constantly before them, especially in

this critical period of his life. But we would ask any candid persons how it is possible to entertain them for three weeks in a private apartment in Newgate. There are books to be sure,—a few only, such as Dodd's Prison Thoughts, Newgate Calendar, three volumes of the Spectator, Thomson's Seasons, Burn's Justice, Common-Prayer Book, and London Directory. These may afford amusement for three weeks, but not to novel readers. And what will Mr. North be doing all this while? Merely studying speeches, for the good of the nation; mightily entertaining to himself, but not so to others. Then let us leave him to the delectable employment, uninterrupted by our presence, and we in the mean time will pay our respects to Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, for he is a particular kind of a gentleman, and can bear any thing better than neglect: even when he was a boy, at Westminster School, having encountered some uncourteous discipline from his school-fellows, on account of some

piece of coxcombry, he was heard to say, "I would rather be kicked, than not noticed." But we are not going to kick him.

It has been observed, that Sir Pertinax was somewhat displeased, that Mr. North would not take his recommendation of a learned counsellor; now the baronet was not indeed in what may be called a downright passion; he merely thought it very odd, that a man of such good sense as Mr. North should differ from a man of such good sense as Sir Pertinax Penny-farthing; and as Miss North was a very pretty girl in the baronet's judgment, he still continued desirous of being serviceable to Mr. North. And we may add, as he had long patronized Counsellor Babblethwaite, he was truly desirous of finding him a job. However, as one good intention is better than a hundred bad deeds, he thought that at least he would confer on his friend, the counsellor, the obligation of letting him know what efforts had been made to serve him.

With this design, he posted to the chambers of Counsellor Babblethwaite, whom he found at home, deeply engaged in reading some high treason trials. Casting his eye upon the books as they lay on the table, the baronet exclaimed:

"Why, Babblethwaite, you are pursuing voluntarily a study, into which it was my wish and intention to have forced you."

"Beg pardon, don't understand," replied the man of law.

"Simply speaking, then, I have been endeavouring to persuade a high-treason prisoner to put himself into your learned hands."

"Learned hands, learned hands, oh! I understand you; you mean to say that I have the law at my fingers' ends: very good, very good. But listen, Sir Pertinax, my fortune is made. See! there! look! brief—brief: two briefs, two briefs for a high treason trial! One for John Nokes, and one for Thomas Styles. I shall be immortalized,—shall indeed. I shall write out my

speech before hand, and give it to the reporters."

"Well, I am happy to find you in such high spirits. I hope your expectations of fame and profit will be abundantly answered. By the way, are you too busy to honour me with your company at dinner to-day?"

"Thank you—why—yes—I can dine with you; but I must leave you early, for I intend to go to the theatre to-night, to see John Kemble in the Stranger: I wish to study his start, when he sees Mrs. Haller. I shall practice that, and exhibit it at the Old Bailey: it will have a fine effect. I shall imagine the judge to be Mrs. Haller."

"But, can you tell me any thing about this trial, or rather accusation, for I wish to know whether it be likely to terminate seriously for any of the prisoners?"

"Seriously, Sir Pertinax, I cannot tell you. I have read my briefs, but I cannot understand them. It seems that my poor innocent clients were very harmlessly sitting in a little snug par-

lour at a pot-house in Shoe-lane:—by the way, Sir Pertinax, do you know where Shoe-lane is?"

"'Pon honor, I have no knowledge whatever of the scite or situation of so vulgar a place."

"Vulgar, vulgar place—well well, you know enough of it to know that it is a vulgar place: come that is something.—But to proceed,—my poor innocent clients were sitting, in all the simplicity of their souls, in a pot-house, in a street that Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing is pleased to call vulgar."

"Really, Babblethwaite, you are quite provoking: why can't you proceed in due order and regular course of narration, without these needless digressions."

"Really, Sir Pertinax, you are more provoking still; why can't you let me alone in my narrative, which is most likely to proceed smoothly and glibly, if it has only my digressions, and not your comments in addition, to impede its course. You shall hear, that is to say, if you will listen; but you must not interrupt, or I shall

begin all over again, and perhaps, after all, be so confused, that I shall forget all but the very first sentence."

"Well, I am profoundly silent."

"So I hear. Now to proceed, or more properly speaking, to begin; for I am sure by this time you must have forgotten the first sentence. My poor innocent clients were sitting in all simplicity in a parlour in a pot-house, in Shoe-lane—and thinking nothing of sedition, or treason, or any other actual or possible transgression of those most excellent laws, which the wisdom of our ancestors has made, or the wisdom of their descendants has explained. It appears, I say, from this brief, that there they were sitting, in all the simplicity of their hearts, listening to grave discourse, which they could not understand, and which, for all their simple souls know to the contrary, might have been a methodist sermon; for they say that the president, or chairman, looked very much like a methodist parson. Unfortunately for these, my inno-

cent clients, some of the company or congregation, for you must know, Sir Pertinax, that congregation means in its etymological acceptation, in its pure, genuine, unsophisticated, and extensive sense, an assembling or gathering together, though now it is applied, not laxly, I grant you, but rather, to speak accurately, confinedly to the gathering together of persons, men, women, and children, for the express purpose of hearing sermons, or prayers, in any church, chapel, chapel of ease, tabernacle, conventicle, licensed barn, or other place more or less commodious."

Sir Pertinax must have been a model of patience, if he could have borne all this, without some expression of anger or impatience: but Sir Pertinax was not a model of patience, and therefore he did express himself rather hastily, saying,—

"Demmit, Babblethwaite, you will make me swear, if you go on at this rate."

"No, no, don't swear, don't swear; you are

liable to a penalty of five shillings for every oath; and in the course of a few hours, with an irritable and hasty man, that may amount to a very serious sum. Now, be persuaded, don't swear, it will do you no good."

The baronet smiled; he had long been accustomed to his friend's oddities, but still he felt them very annoying, whenever they interfered, as at present, with the gratification of his curiosity. Wisely, therefore, refraining from farther interruption, he let his informant proceed according to his own humour; and if we were to do so too, we should finish the volume, or more, with a full, true, and particular account of all the gentleman's variations and digressions. Suffice it then to say, that after listening for nearly an hour and a half to Counsellor Babblethwaite's talk, Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing found himself precisely in that predicament in which many others find themselves after listening as long to a voluble counsellor; videlicet, he knew just as much as he knew before, and no more.

"I shall dine at five precisely," said the baronet.

"So shall I," responded the counsellor; and he was as good as his word. This is a virtue, which is never sufficiently praised; though its opposite vice is more than enough vituperated. But, as we are not desirous of drawing a faultless monster, and as we do not design to impose upon our readers, any characters as possessing more virtues than are actually their lot, we are under the necessity of making a slight deduction from Babblethwaite's virtue of pudding punctuality, by stating, that Sir Pertinax never waited for any body, and so punctual was the baronet's cook, that there was some little difficulty in determining whether the cook ruled the clock, or the clock the cook.

With Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, and Counsellor Babblethwaite, there sat down to dinner Charles Slender and Octavius Leaky. There was praise bestowed on the cook, and commendations, "deep, not loud," were lavished on the wine merchant: and there began to be some

little talk on the fine arts; for Babblethwaite had formerly been a bit of an artist himself, and had painted a portrait of his grandmother, which his laundress happening to see in an unfinished state, pronounced to be a capital likeness of Judge Buller. Babblethwaite did not like flattery, therefore, he put the portrait in the fire. Sir Pertinax loved the fine arts too, and he could not help regretting that his own portrait was not in a state of sufficient forwardness to be exhibited to his guests. In fact it was all done but the face, and that had been done, but the artist had obliterated it, and was waiting for another sitting; for he could not yet hit off the proper expression to harmonize with the scene; seeing that Sir Pertinax had no other varieties of countenance at his command than a grin and a frown; and as his countenance was not what is called imposing, it was rather an imposition to set the artist such a task as to delineate Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing in such wise, that he might be Sir Pertinax to all his friends, and Marius to the rest of the world. Babblethwaite

was exactly of our opinion, and he asked his host when the great work was to be finished, being, as he said, curious to see how the limner had executed his task. Sir Pertinax, who was not very acute in detecting a latent laugh, thought that he had more than once observed in his friend, the counsellor, an expression amounting to what is usually called quizzing; he was, therefore, desirous of dropping that subject, and very readily turned the discourse to the calamitous situation of Mr. North: addressing himself to Charles Slender, he said:

"'Pon honor, Slender, I am sorry for poor North—he must have had bad advisers. I wish I had known him sooner; by all that's good, I would have kept him out of these scrapes. He seems a sensible man; it is very odd he won't take my advice. Perhaps you can persuade him to employ counsel."

"I fear not," replied Charles; "I have used all the reasoning of which I am master, and find it absolutely impossible: but I hope there will

be no serious consequences,—the indictment is only for seditious words."

"Seditious writing! treasonable writing, too," interrupted the counsellor; "I have seen the writing, and there is proof positive."

"Have you seen the writing?" exclaimed the baronet: "why you did not say a word about it to me, when I called at your chambers this morning."

"To be sure not! how could I? You would not let me speak."

"Demmit, Babblethwaite, how can you say so? you would not tell your story straight forward, as you ought, and I was forced to interrupt you, that I might——"

"Ay, ay, forced to interrupt me: you would not let me tell the story in my own way, and you might as well forbid a man the use of his own tongue, as not to let him adopt his own method of narration. Gentlemen," continued he, turning to the other two, "I will appeal to your own senses and your own judgment: here is my

worthy friend, Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, dying to find out a secret which is in my possession, and I, as in duty bound to an old friend, am very ready and desirous to let him know all that I know on the subject, and yet, ten to one, he will not let me tell him any thing about it. Now, will you have the goodness to listen."

This last sentence was addressed to Sir Pertinax, but the rest of the company obeyed the injunction, and put themselves in listening attitude, and the counsellor continued:—

"I have seen the seditious or treasonable paper, which is to be produced in evidence against our, or more properly speaking, your friend, Mr. Stephen Bardolph North, or Stephen Bardolph North, Esq. though, by the way, he might as well sink the squire, when he comes to make his appearance at the bar in the Old Bailey. I have seen, I say, this paper, I have read it, but, unfortunately, I have forgotten its contents."

"Now, Babblethwaite, you are too bad;" was

the general exclamation, in which the three listeners joined most heartily.

"There, there," said the counsellor, "that is exactly what I anticipated; I told you how it would be, I knew how impatient you were, you will not let me speak."

"Well, but, Sir," said Charles Slender, "you promised us some information on the subject of this paper, and now you say you have forgotten its contents. What does your information amount to?—you seem to know no more than we do, who have not seen it."

"Patience, Sir, patience: I did say I had unfortunately forgotten its contents, and I am sorry for your sakes that I have, seeing that you seem so anxious to know them; not that I think that the knowledge would greatly enlighten you. I have, however, forgotten its contents; but it does not follow that I have forgotten its spirit."

"True," replied Charles, in a tone which seemed to apologize for the accent of rebuke,

which characterized his last speech; "and pray, Sir, what was the spirit of it?"

"Very dark and mysterious, profoundly mysterious!" said Babblethwaite.

"But was the paper decidedly treasonable, or even seditious?" asked Charles.

"Why, my good Sir, that is the question; and it is a question which involves much. I must first of all endeavour to ascertain what is the exact meaning and force of the terms sedition and treason; and then, after all, perhaps it would be presumption in me to affect to anticipate the decision of a jury, or the dictum of a learned judge."

Charles Slender began to grow fidgetty again, and very impatient, and rather more hastily asked—"Pray, Sir, can you say whether or not the paper of which we are speaking, had a decidedly seditious tendency, or are you even positive that the matter was at all political?"

Babblethwaite looked with provokingly placid

attention at Charles while he was speaking, and when he had finished, after repeating word for word the question put to him, said—

"You have here, Sir, asked me two questions, to each of which I am desirous to give you a satisfactory answer. Though I must be permitted to observe, by the way, that the arrangement of these questions is not judicious, inasmuch as you compel the answerer, your humble servant, to use more words than are absolutely necessary for the full development of his ideas: your last question should have been placed first; for if you had first asked, is the paper political, and the answer to that question had been in the negative, then any other inquiry would have been superseded; for had the paper been not political, it could not have been, by any construction, seditious or treasonable."

"Well, Sir, then to save words, I will ask you, was the paper political?"

"Now, Sir," replied the counsellor, "you have spoken definitely, and I can answer your

question circumstantially. You ask, was the paper political? I have already said, and I am sorry that I had reason to say, that unfortunately I have forgotten the contents, or language of the paper; and I have also said, that I remember the spirit of the paper, and that it was deeply, profoundly mysterious. We now come to the point: I am clearly of opinion, that if the paper had been addressed from one person engaged in a plot, to another person engaged in a plot, and that if the two persons thoroughly understood and co-operated with each other, and that there was no other, or could be no other correspondence between them, than touching the said plot, and that they had resolved so to correspond, that nobody but themselves could understand what they were writing about, then I should pronounce the paper decidedly seditious and political."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you," replied Charles Slender, "I am perfectly satisfied."

And so he was perfectly satisfied, that Bab-

blethwaite knew nothing about the matter, or was disinclined to communicate his knowledge to the company. The counsellor soon retired, in order to get a good place in the pit, to see Kemble.

When conversation flags in a small party, it is no bad contrivance for one to retire, and by that means he furnishes a fresh topic to those that remain.

" That Babblethwaite is a man of great penetration and acuteness," said Sir Pertinax, " but he is so abominably prosing, that it wearies one to talk with him. Positively my head aches already with my efforts to follow the train of his reasoning."

" Positively," responded Leaky, " my head does not ache, for I made no effort to attend to him. He is a fellow of no information, and seems to have learned the dictionary by heart, and to utter the greatest possible number of words, with the least possible quantity of mean-

ing. I wonder you patronize him, Pennyfarthing."

"Why," said the baronet, "it is charity to patronize one, whom nobody else would patronize; but I will maintain he is a clever fellow."

"Certainly," answered Leaky, "he is so clever, that he can talk without conveying any ideas; he has that talent to perfection."

"His circumlocution," said Sir Pertinax, "is owing to his conscientiousness, and his strict desire to confine himself within the limits of veracity. In that point of view he is greatly to be esteemed, for he may be so far depended on."

"A capital encomium of yours, Pennyfarthing. Yes, he is very conscientious, he never tells lies; and I may add, he never tells truth; in fact, he never tells any thing."

So the conversation ran, and by the time that Babblethwaite's character, moral and intellectual, had been fully discussed, Slender retired,

and left his for dissection, and it was cut up with as little mercy as judgment. At last Mr. Leaky withdrew, and then Sir Pertinax was left alone in his glory, and he meditated on his own magnificence, and thought most humbly of his departed guests. He walked into his picture gallery, and looked very knowingly on the blank space, which was destined for the reception of Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage, and he thought within himself, "Who but I could ever have formed such a grand idea!" He thought rightly; the idea was peculiarly his own.

When he had meditated for a due length of time on his own grand self, he next directed his thoughts to Emma North, and he commended his own condescension in resolving to raise the young lady to the high rank of Lady Penny-farthing. He was fully satisfied, that Mr. North was not a low, vulgar jacobin, or any thing of the kind: he had penetration enough to see that he was perfectly innocent of all in-

tention to overturn the government, and though it might have been more agreeable to Sir Pertinax to have a father-in-law, not distinguished for an appearance at the bar in the Old Bailey; yet he considered that he should display his condescension more strikingly by offering his hand to Miss North, under present circumstances, than if he should wait the issue of her father's trial. He wished, indeed, that the young lady were under any other roof than Lord Slender's; for there might be some appearance of fickleness, perhaps, in offering his hand to Miss North, after having paid such marked attention to Louisa Slender. He soon, however, surmounted all difficulties, silenced all scruples, and settled it with himself, that without more delay, he would offer his hand to Miss North.

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